

THE CHRONICLES

BREEDING FARMING HUNTING A SPORTING JOURNAL SHOWING CHACING RACING

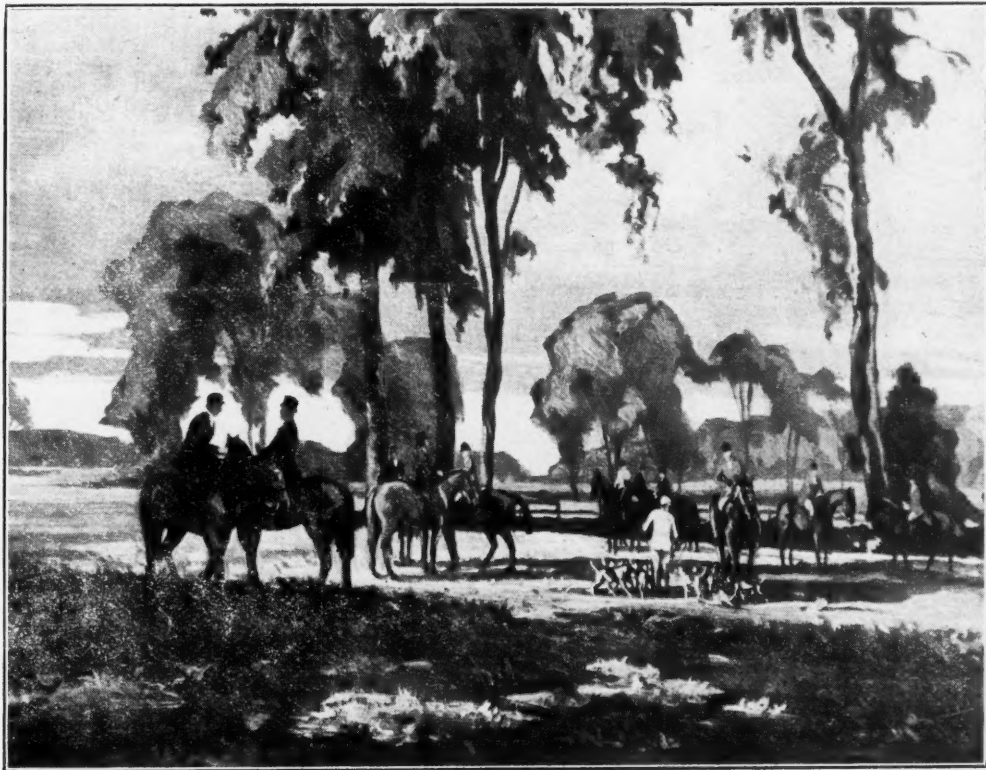
VOL. XIII NO. 25

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1950

\$7.00 Per Year In Advance
\$8.00 Per Year In Canada
Single Copy 25 Cents

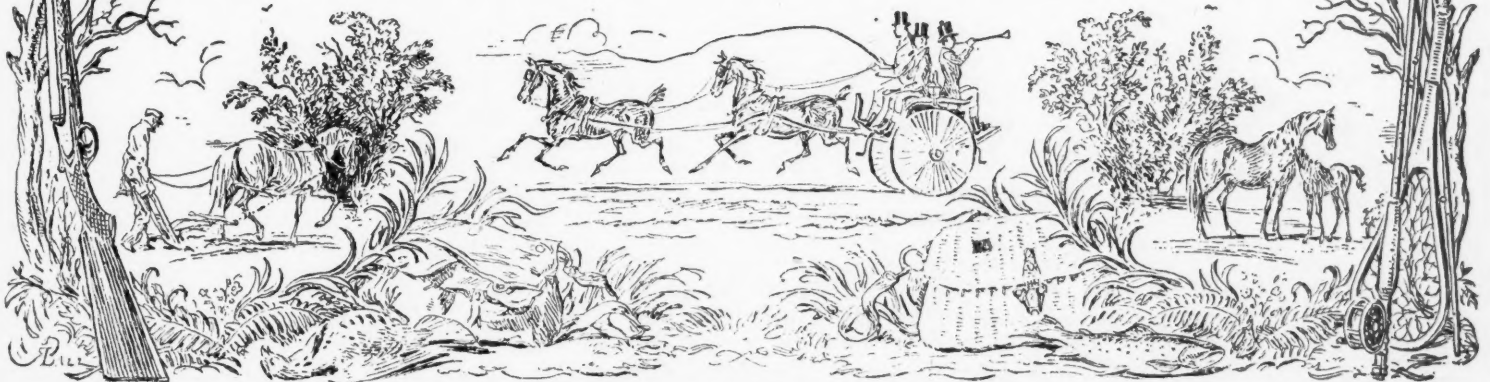
A MEET OF THE MYOPIA

Painted by John G. Wolcott



On Exhibition Myopia Hunt Club.

Details Page 7.



AMERICA'S HUNTS AUTHORITY

The Official Publication of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America

The Chronicle

A Sporting Journal

ESTABLISHED 1937

The Chronicle is published by Stacy B. Lloyd at Middleburg, Va.

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Entered as second class mail matter April 8, 1948 at the post office in Middleburg, Va., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Berryville, Virginia.



Printed by
The Blue Ridge Press
Berryville, Va.

Subscription Price—\$7.00 In Advance.
\$8.00 in Canada and other foreign countries.
Display advertising rates available upon application to the advertising office, Berryville, Va.
Closing date is Friday preceding publication.

Friday, February 17, 1950

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Editorial material should be mailed to Editor, Middleburg, Va. Advertising to Advertising Manager, Berryville, Va.

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TIME TO SPARE

Somebody was commenting recently on the quality of European show horses as compared to ours. "Is it true we were inferior and if so, what was the reason?" The argument went back and forth with those against the supposition saying there could not be too much to it. Between the hunting field, hunter trials, point-to-points and 'chases, we had every bit as good a proving ground in which to teach riders. What's more, from the Indian pony, the Western range pony, the whole glorious tradition of the cavalry from the Civil War to the Roosevelt Rough Riders, our tradition had been one of horsemanship.

What right therefore had anyone to say that our brand of horsemanship was in any way inferior to Europe? What about Tod Sloane who with his crouching seat went over to Europe and changed the whole style of riding races; what about Eddie Arcaro and Ted Atkinson, they had won more money than any English jockey; the great Steve Donoghue to the contrary notwithstanding.

Still the doubt persisted. Had not it been said by an European show rider we were 40 years behind the times in the show ring? Had not one of the Molonys from Ireland come over to Rolling Rock 3 years ago and succeeded in taking 3 races in a card of 6 from our amateurs and professionals? So the argument ran but as a conclusive and devastating salvo, the proponents for the American side brought up the American cowboy. There was certainly no finer horseman in the world, until somebody else said, "What about the Mexican and South American Gauchos?"

The referees would have to admit a point for the Americans with the West. There is something there which comes pretty close to spelling horsemanship with a capital H in anybody's school. It isn't always there. There are bad riders in the west as well as any place else, but the training of a first rate cowpony to cut, to turn on a dime, to dig in his heels and hang on even when faced with a big ugly steer off the range, is something that even skeptical pro-Europeans would have to swallow with good grace.

A western cowboy, with a half broken range bronc on the end of his lariat, would probably have a good laugh if he were suddenly asked whether he was, "Going to give that youngster some dressage?" If the subject were explained to him in the European sense of the higher airs, he would shake his head and go off muttering to himself about Eastern chumps and European twaddle. In actual practice he would give his bronc one very essential fundamental, the exact counterpart of his European confrere and that element is simply a good proportion of his spare time. In simple language that is dressage.

If one were to analyze those winning in European shows today in comparison with our stables, it would not be hard to distinguish a fundamental difference. European winners are not like our great big stables. There probably is not the money to have them. But there is another more basic difference.

The average European horseman, like the average American cowboy, has one or two horses he calls his own. He takes immense pride in their individual accomplishments and he gives them very personal consideration. What is usually the worst behaved horse in the hunting field? As often as not it is that of the wealthy owner with a barn full of Thoroughbreds, over fed and under worked. Their owners' knowledge of their capabilities does not extend very far beyond the check that he paid for them.

The trouble with our show game right now is too few people making their own horses, riding them and showing them. Miss Betty Jane Baldwin's Brandywine is one of the best performers in the show ring. Could it possibly be because he was bred, made, trained and ridden by his owner? One of the most versatile horses in the game is the fine grey Count Stefan. Everybody knows that he was once ruled off the track, bought for a song. Few people probably know the time Miss Betty Bosley spent with Count Stefan, in his stall, on his back, around the barn. If they did they might know the reason why Count Stefan is one of our great show characters. Those who remember Mrs. E. Cooper Person (Liz Altemus) with her Boobie or Grey Knight, also remember the horses would go anywhere their rider asked. Why was Big John one of our top horses? The answer is simple—George Humphrey took time to make him.

In the last analysis horses are as much pets as dogs. They can be taught the same way and they will perform in just the same honest fashion. To be honest, however, over the whole thing, how many persons riding today will take the time to breed, train, make and show their own? It is a game that cannot be mass produced. Europeans know this and so do a few Americans. As soon as our stables have fewer horses and more riders who will take pride in developing their own, a European or western quality of horsemanship will be seen in our show rings.

Letters To The Editor

More Girls Than Boys

Dear Editor:

In my recent article in the Chronicle of Dec. 9th I remarked that girl riders are more numerous and better riders than the boys. You ask me why?

I don't know. I only know it is true so far as my observation goes both in England and America. It is indubitably so in our own hunt, the Arapahoe.

I think it is because boys have more activities in which they are interested—football, basketball, hockey, etc. During the hunting season the only other sport girls are interested in is skiing, and then not to the same extent as boys, in many parts of the country this is impossible.

As soon as boys get through school and college they go to work for the most part. They are never at a time of life when horses and hunting completely fill it, as is true of a good many girls.

Girls, I have often noticed, will really work on a horse—spend time and energy. That is perhaps one reason why they often handle quite difficult horses better than boys do or men either, for that matter. There are at least three instances of that here at the Arapahoe.

When girls get through school or college many of them have a period of time to spend while they are waiting for a man to come around. Hunting, if circumstances permit, is a very agreeable way to spend it—and it is remarkable how often circumstances do permit. You will recall, I am sure, how often that happens not only in real life, but also in the realms of classic hunting literature which is pretty much based on real life. I leave you to guess the novels: Miss Bobbie Bennett; Miss Baby Blake; Miss Lucy Glitters; Mrs. Rowley Rounding—she of the beautiful figure, but the wash-ball seat. She became the inevitable victim of Leotard, the lady's palfrey who had the appearance of a gentleman but the heart of a scoundrel.

A number of girl's schools do enough about hunting to inculcate a liking for it. The only boys' schools that do much with horses play polo—such as Culver. This, of course excepts some little boys' schools.

Stuart Morelli, one of our whips, expresses the gloomy conviction that "Girls don't have to cuff horses. They've generally got a dad who keeps a horse for them". Our huntsman, George Beeman, says, "Boys have too many things to occupy them". His son Marvin, a professional whip at seventeen, and one of the best young riders I have ever seen—he rode in a hard steeplechase at fourteen—has many things to take up his time. As George says: "Now you take Marv. His athletic program keeps me worn out. Football, basketball and so on. If he hadn't learn-

ed to ride when he was a small kid, he wouldn't have time for it. "On the other hand his daughter, age twelve or thirteen, rides a fractious little Thoroughbred the men have had difficulty in riding, hunts regularly, and acts as a whip occasionally. She is naturally an exception.

Of course, girls in show riding are at an advantage. They are lighter than men or boys and easier on the horses. There are more of them because there are more to choose from.

My ultimate conclusion is that there are more girl riders than boys and they are better because for the various reasons stated, they have more time and inclination. No one I have spoken to disagrees as to the fact.

Yours very truly,

W. W. Grant

99, South Downing St.
Denver, Colorado

Different Approach

Dear Sir:

There has been some recent discussion in this column concerning the wisdom of sitting in the saddle on the approach to a jump.

There is first, a two fold question to be answered. Is the horse being used as a competitive high jumper, or is he a hunter or a 'chaser'?

If he is a competitive jumper or open horse there is much to be said for sitting in the saddle. If not there is no argument.

The reasoning is as follows;

A horse in competitive high, or broad jumping, must be "saved" for the supreme effort necessary for him to lift himself up and send himself over. While more recent rules require that he gallop the entire course, the rider's weight in the saddle can, and does restrain the horse's effort in each gallop stride, thereby conserving his strength for the paramount effort, which is jumping the obstacle. It takes a mighty clever horseman to sense the exact moment in which he must relieve the horse of his weight for the jump.

In the hunting field or other cross country jumping, we do not find that well manicured, well barbered turf that we find in the show ring or in the tanbark. The horse's galloping ability and endurance are on a par with his ability to get over a fence, which is usually no higher than is necessary to restrain cattle. The terrain is rough and unpredictable. Anyone who rides to hunt, must stay in the same county with bounds on the line. Therefore, he does nothing to restrain his horse's natural ability to gallop on. Simultaneously, and equally important, he is ever and always ready for an unforeseen ditch, for one single bush that the horse may decide to leap and for the proverbial side jumper, which even good hunters are, once in a while.

Continued on Page 17

Southwest Hunter Trials and Show

Rillito Hunt's Hunter Trials and Show Prove Very Successful; Largest Number Of Hunters Ever In Arizona Show Ring

The Hunting Whip

Despite unusual lowering skies in generally sunny Arizona, the Rillito Hunt 2nd Annual Hunter Trials and Show, held at the El Conquistador Polo Field Grounds Sunday, Jan. 29, were attended by over 450 persons. It took two young ladies (quite young—16) to pace the show and to eventually end up with the championship and reserve championship of the show.

Miss Jane Ralston, with her watch-fob ladies' hunter, Anna Rumpel had a wonderful day with 4 blues to come off as top hunter. Much credit goes to Jane and her 15.1, 8-year-old mare which were neither frightened nor bowed to their older and larger competition respectively. This combination, garnering 20 points to win the blue, red and yellow tricolor, were followed hard upon by Miss Patricia Seymour of Phoenix and her black gelding Chanate. Miss Seymour won the reserve with 16 points, and also was at a disadvantage by not being the member of any hunt team.

Of particular interest was the large number of hunters in the halter conformation class. Twenty-three hunters, the largest number to ever appear in an Arizona ring, were shown in hand: Col. T. Q. Donaldson's Guidon was judged top conformation horse of the show, followed by Irish Temper owned by John K. Goodman, our M. F. H. Both these horses placed similarly in green hunter and both showed a great deal of promise of things to come when they are a bit more seasoned.

Two wonderful rides should be mentioned: Miss Marilyn Sundt's handling of Panchito to place 3rd in the scurry and place 2nd in the open; and win the touch and out. Panchito has the ability of a deer to jump, but in between jumps has the combined qualities of a sow, a rodeo buck, and a billy-goat. Mrs. George Heare's handling of her little jumper, Three Feathers was truly fine. She gave him a real corinthian round over the outside course in the working hunter class, and came off with the blue.

Col. Donaldson's hunt team, composed of Miss Marilyn Sundt and Miss Jane Ralston, was the best seen in Arizona in many a day, and lent a very colorful touch to the Arizona afternoon as they galloped over the outside course to the blues. The judging was above reproach.

This can be said without blushing because the proof lay in the fact that there was none of the usual ringside griping and show dinner rehashing of the judging. The judges are to be commended for a magnificent job well done.

Unexpected but welcome visitors were Col. Grove Cullum, Col. and Mrs. Peter Besley from Santa Fe as well as Col. and Mrs. John Hardy from Montana and the Huachuca's. Just as welcome were their words that they hadn't realized the good type of hunters now here in Southern Arizona.

Last, but not least, great credit should be given to the show committee consisting of Mrs. George Heare, Col. T. Q. Donaldson, Mrs. Bruce Jacobs, John Goodman—and particularly to Mrs. George Ralston, the chairman, and to Miss Katherine Brandt, the jump committee head. Both these ladies' labors were Herculean, and their results were the best trials and show Arizona has seen in many a day.

SUMMARIES

Hunters shown in hand—1. Guidon, Col. T. Q. Donaldson; 2. Irish Temper, John K. Goodman; 3. Chanate, Patricia Seymour; 4. Anna Rumpel, Jane Ralston.

Children's horsemanship, 18 and under—1. Jane Ralston; 2. Pussy Dole; 3. Patricia Seymour; 4. Bill Lyall.

Green hunters—1. Guidon, Col. T. Q. Donaldson; 2. Irish Temper, John K. Goodman; 3. Service Record, Marilyn Sundt; 4. Tecalah, Ted Sheaffer.

Children's bending race, 18 and under—1. Blue, Hueston Evans; 2. Tommy, Sandy McKeon; 3. Chappo, Bill Lyall; 4. Snip, Helen Lane.

Hunter hack—1. Anna Rumpel, Jane Ralston; 2. Service Record, Marilyn Sundt; 3. Chanate, Patricia Seymour; 4. Guidon, Col. T. Q. Donaldson.

Touch and out—1. Panchito, Marilyn Sundt; 2. Chanate, Patricia Seymour; 3. Cherokee, Joe Jimbalvo; 4. Anna Rumpel, Jane Ralston.

Hunt teams of three—1. Guidon, Col. T. Q. Donaldson; Service Record, Marilyn Sundt; Anna Rumpel, Jane Ralston; 2. Col. Wood, Nancy Gunter; Irish Temper, John K. Goodman; Prince Hamlet, George Ryan.

Scurry jumping—1. Anna Rumpel, Jane Ralston; 2. Three Feathers, Mrs. George Heare; 3. Panchito, Marilyn Sundt; 4. Irish Temper, John K. Goodman.

Open jumper sweepstakes—1. Chanate, Patricia Seymour; 2. Panchito, Marilyn Sundt; 3. Col. Wood, Nancy Gunter; 4. Three Feathers, Mrs. George Heare.

Polo ponies—1. Sonora, Charles Sabin; 2. Speed Boy, El Estacada Ranch; 3. Shorty, John Shlaudemann; 4. Tommy, Sandy McKeon.

Working hunter sweepstakes—1. Three Feathers, Mrs. George Heare; 2. Chanate, Patricia Seymour; 3. Anna Rumpel, Jane Ralston; 4. Traveller, Roger Lockhart.

Senior bending race—1. Dixie, E. B. Burns; 2. Spot, Bill Critchlow; 3. Chappo, Wayne Wright; 4. Speed Boy, El Estacada Ranch.

Champion—Anna Rumpel, Jane Ralston, 20 pts. Reserve—Chanate, Patricia Seymour, 16 pts.

Judges: Gen. T. K. Brown, Maj. John Haley, Dennis Hunt, Col. "Pink" Hardy.



COL. T. Q. DONALDSON'S promising green hunter, Guidon, annexed blues at the Arizona show. (Kinney Photo)



CHAMPION OF THE HUNTER TRIALS AND SHOW, owner-rider Miss Jane Ralston and Anna Rumpel. (Kinney Photo)



MISS PATRICIA SEYMOUR AND CHANATE were runners-up for honors behind Anna Rumpel. (Kinney Photo)



M. F. H. JOHN K. GOODMAN and his green hunter, Irish Temper. This combination accounted for awards in the trials and show.

A Hunting Tour In England and Ireland

**Hospitality Shown By Masters and Fields
In England Only Rivalled By Graciousness
And Sincerity Found In Irish Hunts**

George C. Scott

If one were to ask what is the most exciting moment for anyone on a hunting tour, I would always say:—the first few minutes after the first fox goes away from the first covert.

At the meet he climbs up on a horse he has never seen before. The short hack to covert side tells him little about his mount. As hounds are thrown in to draw, he feels somewhat like a point-to-point jockey on a horse he has never ridden at the starting post of a course he hasn't walked.

If the Master has planned things well the wait is not long and, in my experience, seldom futile. Within five to twenty minutes there is a cry of "Gone away," and the brisk note of the huntsman's horn. At that moment the whole Field suddenly comes to life. Sometimes there is a choice of direction around the covert, but more often than not they all charge at once for the nearest fence in the direction of the cry.

It is not until he has been

the Irish weather into account. The usual day of cubbing last October was something like this:

First one had a brisk run and got thoroughly damp inside.

Next it rained hard and one got thoroughly damp outside.

Next there was a long period of standing around while they dug out a fox, and one got thoroughly cold.

Then one returned to a non-centrally heated house and sat around eating and talking of the day's sport.

Add all these together and you got flu.—at least that was the way I found it.

Hot drinks of Irish whiskey and a dozen other things prescribed by a dozen well meaning friends, assisted by doctor's orders which I didn't follow, got me back in the saddle in time for the opening meet of the Wexford.

The Island and Wexford Hounds both hunt countries of narrow top banks with single or double ditches. Early in the season the gorse and bracken is still thick enough to

farmers. In addition there are large foot and bicycle contingents. I noted that the more important landowning farmers usually rode to the covert alongside the huntsman and then took up strategic positions to watch for Charlie or otherwise assist the whips. Years of experience have taught these farmers a keen appreciation of the finer points of hunting technique, and if the huntsman failed to handle his hounds quickly and efficiently, they didn't mind saying what they thought of him to any and all who cared to listen.

The Joint-Master of the Island this season is Captain James Bailey who has had many years of experience with hounds in both England and Ireland. Captain Bailey is not by any means a young man, and rides at well over 15 stones (210 lbs.) so that it was with surprise and admiration that we watched him hunt hounds himself when his huntsman was injured in the latter part of October. To add to his difficulties, his professional whip was taken sick. Captain R. K. A. Kennedy, the former M. F. H., who is also not as young as he used to be, took up these duties. The results were astonishing and thrilling to us all. Within two or three days Captain Bailey had taught his hounds to know his voice, and he theirs. With a skill of horsemanship which neither age nor weight could dim, he showed sport and led his Field at a pace that was rivalled only by his new honorary whip.

I must record that one of the high points of my whole tour was seeing those two old boys carrying on the sport with no professional assistance and with a dash and boldness that clearly told any who saw them that

they were a couple of retired cavalry officers of the old school, the school that threw its heart out in front and rode after it. Another retired officer who hunted with the Island used to drive his horse to the meet in a trailer behind a large wheeled tractor. As he hunted in pink it was quite a sight to see this old boy going down the roads and lanes to the meet perched high up on the little seat of his vehicle.

There is practically no wire in this country and 10 acres is the average enclosure. One was constantly jumping on and off banks and occasionally over wide ditches. The Master encouraged everyone to pick his own place to jump, in order not to make gaps, and this greatly added to the sport. Occasionally there was blackthorn on top of a bank as well as ditches on both sides. This combination made one of the most formidable and messy obstacles I've ever encountered. If we got through ourselves, more than one of us left our hats or parts of our coats at these places.

This season the Wexford is hunted by the Master, Mr. J. Pickersgill. It is his first season there, having come to the country from the Westmeath. He has taken over a pack which was considerably lacking in discipline at the beginning of his office, but his obvious skill was showing results by the middle of November and his record of foxes killed was already impressive. Like the Island, the country has narrow top banks, plenty of ditches and too many foxes. It was sometimes difficult to keep hounds on the line of the hunted fox.

Towards the end of November, I
Continued on Page 6



The hunter that does not jump big to the top of the bank and off the same way is sure to get into trouble before the day is over.

over the first few fences, that the visitor finds out if he is going to really enjoy his day. I think I can narrow the excitement down to the last twenty yards before the first fence. In those fleeting seconds, with horses in front, behind and on all sides of him, he can only look straight ahead and say to himself "Well, here we go!" In another moment he is over and with a sigh of relief and gathering confidence he feels he and his horse have been properly introduced, and the chase is on.

I have tried to describe above the feelings I experienced time and again as I toured the hunts in Southern Ireland, the English Shires and the English provincial packs this past season—nine different packs in all for a total of twenty-six days of hunting plus a dozen mornings of cubbing before the first of November and one day of beagling. Whether it was a small Field of ten, such as with the Avondhu in County Cork, or a large one of over a hundred, as were usually out with the Quorn, Belvoir or Cottesmore, the first few minutes were always the same. Once the show was on, what one jumped, what the pace was like and what the country and hounds were like varied, depending on the pack and the country.

I started my tour in County Wexford on the 2nd of October. My intention was daily cubbing with the Island or Wexford Hounds for a month, to get into condition for the more strenuous sport of the English Shires. I failed, however, to take

make many of these ditches blind and the hunter that does not jump big to the top and off the same way, is sure to get into trouble before the day is over. For those not experienced in jumping banks, it is a mystery how a heavyweight hunter manages to perch for a moment on the foot-wide top of a bank, but perch he does while he has a good look before jumping off. For a visitor the answer is to get horses that know the game, head them for the bank at a slow canter or trot and let the horse do the rest. One quickly learns the importance of going into these narrow banks slowly. If one doesn't, the horse's front feet may clear the top altogether. In that case a mad scramble with his hind feet is sure to end in disaster if there is a ditch on the far side. I must add that some of these ditches are a good six feet deep, with or without water, and having been into several, I can say the only reason one is usually unharmed even when the horse is more or less on top of you, is because of the softness of the soil which has a surprising amount of give. Getting the horse and rider out again is often a bit of a trick and one frequently sees the farmers on foot dragging a block and tackle to assist the unfortunate chap who seems to be more or less permanently imbedded under his hunter.

When hounds meet in Ireland almost all the farmers for miles around are there. In Wexford the mounted part of the Field is not large. Fifteen to twenty-five would be average. At least half of these are

CHRONICLE QUIZ

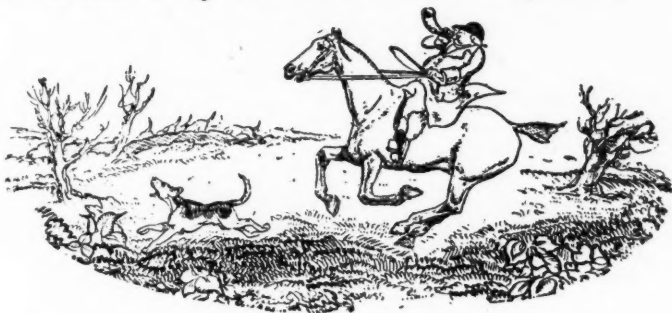


WHAT PART OF THE
EQUIPMENT OF THE
MEDIEVAL WAR HORSE
WAS KNOWN AS THE BARD?

1. (See drawing.)
2. What is a head and tail string?
3. Were *Star Shoot's sons more successful than his daughters at the stud?
4. What is the meaning of "He gave him a dig with the Latchfords?"
5. What is meant by "my horses are smooth?"
6. What is a pumpkin skin?

(Answers on Page 23)

A Great Day With The Brandywine



Two Hard Running Foxes Furnish Gilbert Mather and His Followers A Day That Should Long Be Remembered

Gilbert Mather

Saturday, January 28th, 1950, was such a satisfactory day with hounds in Chester County, Pennsylvania, that I am going to depart from the formal manner of reporting it and presume to describe the day as I experienced it in the saddle while carrying the horn.

I, therefore, crave pardon in advance for the number of times the first person singular may appear in this description and excuse myself with the hope that some good fox-hunter, whose days in the saddle are ended, may put himself in my place as he reads and perhaps, in some measure, re-experience the pleasure of a good day with hounds.

After all the best possible view of a hunt is that obtained while sighting between the ears of a good hunter.

On Friday evening, January 27th, I attended the annual dinner of the Masters of Foxhounds Association of America at the Union Club in New York City. It was a fine occasion attended by eighty-four members and five guests.

I most reluctantly withdrew while speech-making was still in progress, and, in company with Joseph N. Ewing, M. F. H. of Eagle Farms Hunt, who planned to hunt with his pack in the morning, caught a late train to Philadelphia.

At eleven o'clock on Saturday morning a goodly number of followers was assembled on their hunters at the Brandywine Kennels as well as a number in motor cars. The temperature was in the forties, wind northeast at about eight miles per hour, the sky clear, although it clouded over later in the day, while the ground quite bare of snow was slightly soft after a night of rain.

I was mounted on my bay mare Ballykeel, and John White was ready to whip-in on a good black Thoroughbred Boston Buck. I was sorry that, owing to a chain of circumstances, this was the first day this season that one of my daughters was not also out to serve as whip-in.

At a nod to Jonas Lund, the kennel huntsman, the kennel door swung open and twenty couples of American hounds rushed gaily out. Four and one-half couples were first season hounds of the 1949 entry.

As I had planned, the first draw was the Home Woods just south of Radley Run, a stream flowing a few hundred yards from Kennels.

Hounds had scarcely entered the east side of the woods when I heard the welcome sound of a View Halloo from John White on the south side of the covert. Hounds came out on the line, but scent was not too good. They hunted it out however, but the fox, no doubt a vixen, only ran about a quarter mile and was marked to earth under the old fallen chestnut tree at Carnill's (Harney's) spring.

I thought perhaps there had been two foxes in the woods and that one had gone west so east hounds back into the Home Woods. My hunch paid off. Hounds hit another line at once and ran it well in a circle through the woods, then out to the east over the paddock and on out over the Sharpless Farm. This fox, too, had no desire to stay up and went to earth on the hillside on the Sharpless Farm near the Carnill line.

Crossed Birmingham Road and

headed toward the Hog-pens. Luckily I called to John White and asked him if he thought it worth-while to draw McCoy's Woods—just to the north. He said Dick MacIvor had seen a fox leave McCoy's Woods while hounds were running another fox last Monday. Accordingly I bore north and east hounds into that covert. Again John White gave a View Halloo from his point on the east corner. He had viewed a fox away to the east just past the Adam's barn. The pack hit his line well and raced away across New Street Road and up the meadow toward the Hog-pens. We jumped a chicken-coop back into Crebilly Farm and galloped after hounds. I saw a horse running back without a rider and a lady stretched on the ground, but, as plenty of aid was arriving, I jammed my cap down a bit harder and galloped on. The lady was Jessie Cann. I saw her later in the run, her coat soiled with mud, but she was unhurt and riding hard as always.

Instead of entering Hogpen Woods, this good fox turned his mask toward the open country to the south, across Crebilly North Farm, where hounds were slowed a bit by a big stretch of newly plowed land, then, hitting grass again, they put on the pace and raced away across Street Road and on to di Nanno's (Brinton's) Woods, right through this long woods from north to south, and here another fox also went away as well as our hunted fox. The pack, however, stuck to the line of our original fox, all but one couple—Paladin and Promise—who disappeared running south on the line of the fresh fox, heading toward Hoffman's Hollow. They were not seen again for the rest of the day. Our pack now crossed Birmingham Road into Ed Beatty's farm and headed north recrossing Birmingham Road at the Cannon and drove back across Fisher Boyd's old place, now Herbert Spackman's, and into the Crebilly South Farm where we had some good timber fences.

At this point the Field were galloping in two groups, one to the right and one to the left with the pack racing down the little meadow toward Street Road. The two divisions of the Field converged and all jumped the board fence set-in onto Street Road opposite the Crebilly Farm entrance.

The pack had now really turned on the steam as they raced up wind over Crebilly North Farm, but again were brought to their noses as they recrossed the big plowed field. A number of autos were in the road south of the Hogpens containing keen followers of the hunt. They had not viewed the fox across and hounds were now at fault. I decided to take a chance that he had crossed somewhere and east hounds forward at once into the Hogpen Woods. Again fortune was with us, and hounds hit the line immediately and carried it through the woods and out over Leon Martin's fields. Leon himself was standing on his hilltop and called to me that he had viewed the fox running on toward the West Chester Woods. For some reason scent was now less good, and hounds could only work the line rather slowly on into West Chester Woods. Once in the woods the cry

Continued on Page 7

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Speaking of Dogs...

By ELIAS VAIL

**Feeding (and not feeding) for steady appetite—
The sins of temptation—Human weaknesses in canine diet
— Key factors for off-spells.**

A fellow near me at Saturday's show made the mistake of asking around for advice on what to do with a fussy-eating dog who is making his life miserable... and, believe me, few things can make life more miserable.

Well, he got plenty of suggestions all right—from soup to nuts, and from the "blime" to the asinine. I was kind of shocked to find a lot of fairly experienced breeders and exhibitors belonging to the "try-and-tempt-him" school of thought.

Call me an old meany, if you will, but I learned from bitter experience that temptation just builds a moody feeder into a petty tyrant—and that the only cure is to let him get good and hungry a few times. The minute one of my dogs gets finicky, he just doesn't get a chance to turn up his nose at the next feeding or two. If he persists, I repeat. And as a preventive measure I'm all in favor of the routine skipping of one feeding a week for all adult dogs in the kennel.

But experience has also taught me that people who agree 100% with the theory often have a lot of trouble taking a firm stand when faced with a shy feeder in their own kennel. They get to looking at old Prince, I guess, and just can't see how, in his shape, he can last another day without a little bite of

something. "If only he were in better condition," they say, "I wouldn't mind his missing a meal or two." Their feeling comes from the noblest impulses, of course, but it ignores the fact that if

Prince were in better condition his appetite would probably be good and that, in any case, continuing to nibble at regular feedings and special treats will certainly keep him in poorer shape than a complete digestive rest until he's eager for a square meal.

Until appetite is solidly back on an even keel, I would omit any fat-supplementing you ordinarily do, no matter how moderate. I don't think it's necessary, but for normal feeding I've got nothing against adding a reasonable amount of fats, meat, or other such foods to Gaines. The overage of vitamins and key minerals in Gaines was designed to cover just that. But when you're grappling with a dog who is off his feed, you generally do best to provide a diet with more vitamins, minerals, and bulk. Gaines provides all of these essentials in properly balanced amounts. Any additional fat only tends to reduce the vitamins, minerals, and bulk provided per calorie.

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Weather on Long Island seems to be in favor of hunting this year as the month of January has passed with the loss of only one hunting day, and that due to rain. The temperature has been unseasonably mild and the ground has remained unfrozen for practically the entire month.

The traditional New Year's Day meet was held at Charles V. Hickox's estate on Monday, January 2. A field of 74 turned out for a good day's sport. Hutton's, Whitney's, R. Winthrop's, Broad Hollow, and Howe's were drawn blank. Hounds found, however, in Bronson Winthrop's, made a large circle there, crossed Muttontown Road to Suarez', went right-handed to Senff's, left again through Brewster's, Murnane's, back to Bronson Winthrop's, made another large circle and lost in the catbriars in the north-west corner of that property after 1 hour and 10 minutes.

Wednesday, January 4, was again good. The meet was at Sparks' and soon after moving off, hounds jumped a brace of foxes and the pack split. One of these foxes was lost and the other marked to ground after a 15-minute run. Another pilot was found at home in McCann's woods on the west side. This fox crossed the Oyster Bay Road, ran through the Mill River Stock Farm, across the Mill River Road to Davison's and went to ground on the edge of their property after 27 minutes.

Saturday, January 7, despite being cold and windy, turned out to be a very nice day. The meet was at Underhill's and 48 people turned out to brave the elements, including John Schiff, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Higginson, Mrs. Merrill, Mr. Dykman, Mrs. Fox and her daughter Connie, Mr. Bristol, Mr. Birch, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Frank, James Knott and his daughter Lili, Mrs. Lewis, Hazard Leonard, Col. Appleton, Mr. Merkel, and Mr. Hickox. Among the younger group hunting that day, and who hunt every Saturday, were the Misses Peggy Rosenwald, Sara Cavanagh, Althea Knickerbocker, Kathryn James, Carol Werber, Joan Prytherch, Ann Conolly, Jane Stebbins, Helen Martin, Patricia Gibb, Kathleen McKinney, and Phyllis and Fiona Field.

Hounds did not find until they crossed the Muttontown Road to Willock's where they jumped a fox on the north-west side of the woods. They ran him through Griscom's, across the East Norwich Road to Senff's fields, right-handed down through Kelly's paddocks, left to Brewster's, Nicholl's, then across the Brookville Road to Henry's, Francke's, Woodward's, Cary's and across Howe's fields. They circled back through the woods, crossed the Brookville Road again, out across Bronson Winthrop's fields, across the Muttontown Road to Murnane's, across Senff's, and finally the fox went to an earth in the catbriars near Kelly's, after an hour and 5 minutes' run.

Wednesday, January 11, was even colder and windier, and the 19 people who braved the elements and met at Schiff's were disappointed to encounter a blank day.

Saturday, January 14, was again very good however. Sixty people met at Whitney's Stable. Although Whitney's, Hutton's, and Hickox' proved blank, they were rewarded by a run commencing deep in the Broad Hollow Woods, across the edge of Bur-rill's, through the old Ormond Smith place, across the Cedar Swamp Road, through Balish's and to Howe's. Hounds went across the field and around the house, down through the east woods, across the Brookville Road to Bronson Winthrop's, from there across the Muttontown Road to Murnane's, Brewster's, Suarez' and Senff's. They went back across the Muttontown Road to B. Winthrop's, then to Howe's where hounds finally lost their fox on the driveway after an hour and 40 minutes under spotty scenting conditions.

Wednesday, January 18, was poor.

Hunting Tour Continued from Page 4

made a quick trip down to County Cork to hunt with the Duhallow, Avondhu and United. I stayed at the Royal Hotel at Mallow which is comfortable, and well equipped to look after hunting kit and arrange for horses.

Captain "Rags" Hornsby, who hunts the Duhallow himself, is showing good sport in a country of big banks with few ditches. It is a more rocky country than Wexford and sometimes rather deep, but there is practically no wire, little plow and plenty of foxes. As I only had one day there I can only speak of what I saw. I understand the country to the north and northwest towards the Limerick, has even larger banks and it is a real thrill to ride over it on a good horse.

The Avondhu is a farmer pack privately owned by Tommy O'Brien, the Master-Huntsman. Being strictly Irish, he and his whip hunt in black coats and I believe I was the only visitor in the small Field. I am sure that there were no Englishmen. We had some very good sport up in the hills, and the most memorable thing about the day was a boy on a twelve-hand pony that got over everything. This pony would scramble up one side of a bank and down the other and didn't turn aside for anything. As I recall the day, the earths were not stopped and foxes kept going to ground, but as fast as one went under we found another. We were on the go until dark and

The meet was at Mrs. Shotter's Pony Farm on 25A and sherry was served to all comers. Although the cockles of our hearts were so pleasantly warmed at the beginning of the day, the remainder of the day did not fulfill our expectations. Three foxes were found in Broad Hollow out scenting conditions were very poor and hounds could not handle any of them.

Saturday, January 21, found a Field of 44 meeting at the Old Kennels, at noon as usual. They were soon rewarded by a find in Willock's woods nearby. The fox crossed Muttontown Road to Burden's, through Underhill's in a circuitous fashion, and went to ground in the drain under Stevens' driveway. Drawing through Chadwick's and B. Winthrop's, hounds next found in the east covert of Winthrop's, pushed their fox through Senff's, Brewster's, Kelly's, and to ground back in Brewster's. The third fox of the day was located in Iselin's and provided a slow hunt with failing scent through all of Iselin's, Coe's, and Davison's, and was finally lost on the hills on the north side of Coe's.

Wednesday, January 25, was poor. The one fox of the day went directly to earth after a short burst in Sparks'.

Saturday, January 28, was very good. Fifty-four people met at Brewster's at noon. Covert after covert was drawn blank for almost two hours. We were rewarded at last by a fox which bounced out of the woods on the edge of Robert Winthrop's driveway, and after a short burst through the woods, was killed on the ridge between Morgan's and Clark's Field. The brush was awarded to Col. Frank Appleton.

Returning towards Stoddard's, a brace of foxes was viewed by a farmer standing by Stoddard's fence. The foxes came directly toward him, and, as they reached the fence, split, one going north along the fence, and the other south. Hounds picked up the scent of the northern one first and ran him for a short burst up through the fields to a drain-pipe near Morgan's house. Returning to the trail of the southern one, they followed him to an earth in the south Broad Hollow Woods. A fourth fox was viewed not much later passing the Morgan house on the hill headed east and hounds were lifted to this line. This fox headed out across Clark's Field, down through Aldrich's, right-handed to Roditi's, and back to an earth in south Broad Hollow after a fast 20 minutes.

The Meadow Brook Hounds have been out 40 times this year—almost as many times as all of last year put together. With the prospect of an open winter ahead, we are all keeping our fingers crossed!—Barbara Hewlett, Hon. Sec'y.

then all the Field joined Tommy at a tiny Pub at a crossroad. Here, sitting inside the enormous chimney-piece of an ancient fireplace, we drank Irish whiskey while he told us of some of the foxes of previous years. I shall never forget that evening, for they were all farmers except me, and this was their hunt.

The United is perhaps the largest and best known hunt in County Cork. This season the Master-Huntsman is twenty-five-year-old Mary Whitehead. She is a horsewoman of note and was beautifully mounted. Most of the Field was also better mounted than I had seen elsewhere in Ireland. A good fox and a screaming scent gave us the fastest run I had ever had over banks. Unlike my previous experiences, we galloped at them almost flat out and the horses took them beautifully. I must say they were mostly broad on top, which helped, but I was amazed that horses could "bank" at such a pace. Later inquiries elicited the information that was not usual but "our blood was up—what else could we do?"

The coverts in Southern Ireland are largely gorse which grows to an average height of three to four feet. This means that most of the time the huntsman can be observed while he is in the covert with his hounds, and the whip, who views the fox away, even from the far side, can usually be seen by all the Field. This is a decided advantage for getting away to a good start at the beginning of a run and during the course of a day one is likely to view the fox more often than in the English countries where the coverts are more likely to be wooded.

The cost of hunting in Ireland is varied. Hirelings are from £3 to £4/4 and cap fees run from 15s to £2. There are more visitors to the hunts in County Cork and hence more horses are available. If the visitor has the misfortune to be a heavy-weight, as I am, he will always have a little more trouble about his horses. In all parts of Ireland I found the people most exceedingly gracious and hospitable. They know their sport is good and are delighted to have visitors come and share it with them. It was with a real feeling of regret that I packed my kit at the end of November and moved my hunting activities over to England.

The English hunts are rigidly divided into two groups. The five large Midland packs are the Shire packs and the others are known as the Provincial hunts. This division prevails in spite of the fact that the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds and several others, which do not come under the magic name, are believed by many to be the best in England. Because of the proximity of Melton Mowbray to three of the best Shire hunts, ie: The Quorn, Belvoir and Cottesmore, I selected that as a base of operations to start my English tour. I found the Bell Hotel comfortable and convenient and several other hunting people were staying there. The countries of these three hunts come together at Melton and anyone wishing to hunt six days a week may do so with seldom more than a five or six-mile hack to any of the meets.

So much has been written about Leicestershire hunting that I feel there is little I can really add to it. I think I can best sum up by telling what I found there this season, what appears to have changed since before the war, and what appears to still be the same in spite of all the other changes in England today.

Continued on Page 19

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Myopia Hunt Members At Schooling Field Done By J. G. Wolcott

The picture on the cover is an interesting one of the members of the old Myopia Hunt gathered for a Meet on the Schooling Field at Hamilton Mass. It is by the well known New England artist, John G. Wolcott of Lowell. In the picture are the Joint-Masters, Frederic Winthrop and George C. Clement, Mrs. Gordon C. Prince, Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Ayer, Mrs. Lawrence Coolidge, Francis Appieton and Mrs. Charles P. Ware.

Myopia recently purchased the Quansett Hounds and engaged their huntsman, J. Gill who has been showing real sport in the heavily wooded Myopia country. Myopia has been hunting this season 4 days a week, 2 days on drag and 2 on fox. The hunt has a very up and coming group of young foxhunters while the old timers are still setting the pace. Myopia had its 50th anniversary Horse Show on Labor Day and made a great show of it to commemorate one of the oldest continuous sporting organizations in this country.

The artist of this interesting and imaginative canvas was born in Cambridge in 1891. He was a graduate of Harvard and studied art with Denman Ross and Charles Woodbury, first at Harvard and then privately. He is currently state chairman for Massachusetts of the American Artists Professional League of which he is also a member of the National executive board. He is President of Whistler's Birthplace in Lowell and is a member of the National Society of Mural Painters.

Mr. Wolcott uses decorative backgrounds in the painting of horses. He believes the horse against a natural background makes merely an athletic picture. In using the more exciting decorative style, he adds to the architectural pleasure of a library or dining room as well as providing in his pictures an accurate record of sporting personalities of the day.

A Day With Brandywine Continued from Page 5

and pace improved. The fox doubled back sharply and raced back toward the Hogpens. At the same time another fresh fox had crossed the line of our hunted fox in the woods, and the pack had split into two lots of about the same number of hounds in each.

Both foxes headed south over the hillside, and the two packs, each on its separate line and giving good cry, ran quite parallel to each other with the Field galloping between the two. It was a strange sensation to be riding after two packs at the same time and to hear the cry of hounds coming to your ears from both right and left.

As they approached the hilltop, the right-hand fox was headed by some watchers on the hill. The hounds on his line were momentarily at fault, and I seized the opportunity to blow them on to the rest of the pack on the line of our original fox, and the pack now reunited drove on over the hill into the Hogpen Woods. Here the fox had run the midway through the woods and a check occurred. The ground had been badly foiled by hounds and horses on our way up, and we might well have made a loss of it when I heard a distant shout which seemed to come from a point southwest of the covert. I picked up the pack and carried them through the woods on a midway and on at the gallop over the meadow beyond until I saw a group of motor followers waving their hats in the air and pointing over the Crebilly Farm grassfield west of New Street Road.

In a moment the pack hit the line, and once more drove away, this time in a southwesterly direction toward the Green Stone Quarry, through the Quarry Woods, over Street Road, then east to New Street Road which the fox had run for a quarter mile. Here our good, old, road-running bitch Julep performed her specialty by carrying the line on the road to the point where the fox had left it, and the pack, harking to her, raced on to the east and over

di Nenno's big fields.

Here we again jumped a pretty big and stiff panel up a rather steep hill. Looking back I saw that grand sportsman, Kenneth Caswell, as his hunter jumped it with plenty to spare. He was right in his element and enjoying the run as though he were still in his twenties, which I am sure he has passed with a liberal margin.

On ran the pack to di Nenno's Woods; bore through it almost to its south end and then turned upwind and ran at top speed over the open fields to the east, skirting the West Chester-Wilmington Pike.

I galloped right around the south end of the woods and luckily kept on excellent terms with hounds as they ran north to Street Road.

The pack reached Street Road at a point where it passes through a cut and were faced with an impenetrable hedge. Without hesitation, they bore to the left at full speed, crossed the road at the level ground west of the cut, and then, still at full speed and well united, cast back to the right on the far side of the road. I had pulled up my mare and stood watching this maneuver from the south side of the road at the top of the cut. To a rider who had pulled up beside me, I pointed straight across the road and said: "I think the fox crossed right here. See if they hit it!" The galloping pack were now making their cast on the far side of the road and parallel to it. Not a hound was speaking. As they reached the spot to which I had pointed, they turned at right angles to the left as though on an invisible wire, and, breaking again into full cry, were off on the line to the north. "They hit it all right!" said my companion. I had not looked at him, and don't know who he was. Perhaps if he should read this he will tell me.

Beyond Street Road, the pack raced on over the Crebilly Farm grassfields and suddenly marked their fox to earth in a little hollow on the east end of that farm. I tried to cast them beyond to make sure that he had not gone on, but hounds were reluctant to leave the earth and soon rushed back to it, digging and barking in a way which left no doubt as to where he was.

It was now 2:15 P. M. All hounds up except the one couple that had gone off to the south on a fresh fox.

PART II

While both horses and hounds were somewhat tired, it seemed early to go home, so I decided to road hounds to the country just north of Lenape Road where we had been finding a circling fox and have just a little afternoon run to top off the day.

Some of the Field pulled out for their homes, but a goodly number stayed with us as, with nineteen couples of hounds, we headed up New Street Road toward Goat Glen Farm where we would cross Lenape Road.

Crossing Lenape Road, we drew the old Strode's orchard and on to the thicket at Vincent's Farm. Hounds spoke at once in the thicket, but soon seemed to have stopped at an earth there. I rode to the west side of this little covert, and called hounds out to me. To my surprise, Timer spoke to a line away from the thicket. The hounds harked to him and in a moment the pack was in full cry on a hot line to the west over Fox Hill Farm.

I sounded Gone Away, and now commenced a run that if anything was faster than the run of the morning.

Away the pack raced across Fox Hill Place and over the Davis Farm to Birmingham Road. Here motor followers had viewed the fox ahead into the Foulke Farm. Hounds were momentarily at fault on the road. Jumping a set-in into the Foulke Farm, I got them on the line without delay, and they raced on west with plenty of cry and drive.

I recalled that a tree had fallen over the panel leading out of this

field to the west, so I set my mare's head at the only way out—a flight of rails between high posts at the entrance to the Hoffman-Windle property. It was a most unusual obstacle as a great stone ball surmounted the post on one side with not too much room between the posts. It would probably have stopped a green horse, but my good mare, Ballykeel, cocked her ears and jumped it perfectly. A number of the Field had followed my route, and I think they all got over it all right. Others had gone around slightly to the north past Seonnell-town School.

Now we were on good terms with the pack as they raced over Strickland's Farm and north over the Little Farm (Curtis) to the long, narrow woods flanking the East Brandywine just above Shaw's Bridge at the confluence of the east and west forks of the Creek.

Usually the fox we had been finding at Vincent's Thicket turns east and doubles back through this woods. Whether hounds changed to a fresh fox here or whether we had found a visiting fox in Vincent's I do not know, but, instead of turning right through this woods, the pack drove on north across the Brandywine, and we could see and hear them streaming into Seed's Rocks' covert on the far side of the Creek.

I galloped to the right in the direction of the nearest ford in Jack Cornwell's meadow; others galloped to the left to cross at Shaw's Bridge. We all met on the north side of Seed's Rocks' covert just in time to fall in behind the pack now running northwest over the Neville Farm. Crossing that farm at a good pace, they bore west down to the west branch of the Brandywine which they crossed without a check and raced away over the hill of the McAllister farm beyond.

Fortunately a ford was close by in Ted Baldwin's meadow so we jumped a set-in off the Brandywine Road, waded through the ford, jumped another set-in onto the railroad beyond the Creek and were once more on terms with the pack. Here we were joined by a number of riders who had been on their way home from a day with the West Chester Hunt.

This fox, however, seemed to have some otter blood in his veins for his line led up the meadow and then re-crossed the Brandywine below Northbrook. We galloped over Boy Wickes' farm and down to the old covered bridge at Northbrook, crossing it in time to get with hounds now running on northwest over the Peterson and the Murphy farms and heading for the big woodland on the Fountain Farm near Glenhall Bridge.

My mare was now showing signs of fatigue and going a bit lame in front. Charlie Guss, who was out on my daughter's hunter Cimmaron, generously offered to give me his mount and ride the mare home. I accepted with no argument and transferring my horn from its case to my coat-front went on after hounds.

Cimmaron, too, was tired but still going strong. We all caught up with hounds as they entered Fountain Farm woods, but, as it was now four o'clock and darkness would be upon us before we could reach kennels, I reluctantly decided we must stop hounds at the first opportunity. This occurred soon when the line doubled back in the woods. I blew my horn and John got to their heads and the hunt was ended.

Seventeen and one-half couples came out of the covert with me, and just then we saw good old Freelance

'41, the oldest hound in the pack, coming bravely on the line, tired but game.

He had held his place with the pack all day, and had only fallen behind on the last long mile. In the earlier run it was Freelance who had shown them all the way on the plowed land at Crebilly Farm.

Two other hounds had fallen by the wayside in this last run, but I shall not record their names.

Now started the long ride home with tired horses and tired hounds. The Kennels were a welcome sight as we topped the hill on the Home Farm at 5:30 P. M. just as car lights were appearing on the roads.

Promise had returned to kennels at 3:00 P. M., and the three other hounds were home by 6:00 P. M.

Oddly enough I was perhaps the only person out who had not had a single glimpse of a fox all day. Most of the others had had frequent views, particularly the motor followers who had a regular field day. So far as I know, however, none of my hounds had viewed a fox either, and maybe it is best if neither huntsman nor hounds should do so.

I went to bed early with the memory of hound music still in my ears and visions of the pack streaming away over the hills in my mind's eye.

Something awakened me at one thirty in the morning. I sat up in bed and listened, and then from the big woods beyond Radley Run, just below my window, I heard the throaty coughing bark of two foxes, no doubt two dog foxes in dispute over the favor of a vixen. I turned on my side and fell asleep with the comforting thought that cubs should not be lacking in September.

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Annual Meeting of Michigan Horse Show Association

R. M. D.

A record crowd of 179 people came from all points of the state of Michigan to East Lansing on Sunday, February 5 to attend the annual meeting of the M. H. S. A. The business meeting that lasted throughout the afternoon was preceded by a delicious fried chicken dinner. As one member put it, "they work together better on a full stomach."

The largest crowd in the history of the Association made plans for the biggest horse show season ever to be sponsored by the state association. Twenty member shows are scheduled beginning May 12 and continuing through September 24 with very few blank week-ends throughout the summer and fall.

After dinner the meeting proceeded with reports from the various officials. Mrs. Sam McKinley of Northwind Farms (near Lansing) made the presentations of the M. S. H. A. trophies for 1948 and 1949. The awards were announced in the press earlier this year.

It was interesting to note that both the 1948 and 1949 awards for middle and heavyweight hunter championships went to P. T. Cheff's Gay Lad and the same juniors won the equitation awards for both years—Misses Marie-Jo DeWitt, Mary Nelson, and Marilyn Van Zee. During the meeting it was decided to change the awards for state championship to include one for working hunter and one for conformation hunter, rather than the previous awards for lightweight and the medium and heavyweight hunter.

Sixteen members of the Association were nominated for election to a fifteen-member board of directors—many from the hunter and jumper ranks. This introduces the question of what would the four shows, which in previous years eliminated hunters and jumpers from their programs, now do? The situation is rapidly changing. The committee representing the Adrian, Mich. show, now known as The LenAwee County Horse Show, reported that they were definitely inviting hunter and jumper exhibitors and would like to meet with some of the more experienced people in these divisions for guidance in developing those classes. The balance of the shows which previously spurned the hunters may now look forward to a response from these ranks and it is expected that 1950 will bring about the inclusion of hunter and jumper classes in all member-shows.

Carney D. Matheson, the genial owner of Dama Farms and president of M. H. S. A., announced his interest in the Thoroughbreds (Dama Farms formerly an all saddle horse establishment in Howell, Mich. now is the home of two well-known Thoroughbred stallions).

R. Edmund Dowling, secy. of Grosjean Horse Show, announced that the American Horse Show Association invited all the Michigan shows to become members of the A. H. S. A. in the Michigan circuit.

Following the routine of business, the crowd was entertained with a colored motion picture of the history

Squadron A Holds First of Scheduled Schooling Shows

Beechcott

The first of a series of three informal schooling Horse Shows was held at the Squadron A Armory, New York, on Sunday, January 29.

The show opened with a children's equitation class which was made up of pupils from the advanced group of the Squadron A children's riding classes. Twenty-two young riders competed most creditably, and no one envied the judges their task on this one! The class was won by Miss Jane Rouillion, who turned in a very smooth performance on a green horse.

The main interest of the show was in the jumping classes. These were held under F. E. I. rules and with all classes involving time. The courses were of the modified Olympic type, with great variety of fences, and called for some tricky changes of direction and a nice knowledge of pace; though no fence was more than 3'-7" since these shows are primarily for schooling purposes.

Six horses turned in clean rounds in the first open jumping class. Of these, 4 went clean again on the jump-off, and final placings were decided on time. Lt. Burke of the New York Mounted Police took the blue with Ute. Miss Kathryn James was 2nd, putting up a good ride on R. Petersen's Jato.

The Squadron A Troopers' equitation class was won by Sgt. J. Welsh; and the ladies' equitation (for ladies who ride at Squadron A, to ride horses the property of Squadron A) by Miss Alice Irvine.

The next jumping event was the low score team jumping, for teams of three, riders to jump the course individually. The class went to the Squadron A Team of Capt. E. Bimberg on Zip, Capt. W. Stefurak on Hopeful, and Pvt. A. Wrangel on Romulus. This team acquired a total of 7 3-4 faults. A ladies' team from the Oaks Hunt was a very close 2nd, with 8 faults—Miss Kathryn James riding R. Petersen's Jato and Swift Judgment, and Miss Mary Magowan on her remarkable Little Wonder.

In the final jumping class 4 horses went clean, and time again proved the deciding factor on the jump-off. Major D. H. Munroe of Squadron A rode Northwind to take the blue by a narrow margin from Ptl. M. Mur-

phy of the N. Y. Mounted Police on Pelham.

Three horses—R. Petersen's Jato, the N. Y. Police Department's Ute, and Squadron A's Romulus were tied for the jumper championship of the show. The riders decided against jumping-off, so the tie was allowed to stand.

All horse enthusiasts must deplore the fact that the United States no longer has an Army jumping team. All horsemen will surely agree that, if the United States wants to participate in the equestrian events of the 1952 Olympics, a great deal must be accomplished in a short time. As it is, much time has been lost. With this in mind, and in the hope that other organizations in other parts of the country will do the same thing, Squadron A has planned this series of shows, not only as curtain raisers to the Squadron A Spring Horse Show in April, but to help increase understanding of F. E. I. rules and the problems met in connection with them. Copies of these rules and charts of the courses were made available to all participants well before the day of the show, so that all could know exactly what they would face when entering the ring. This eliminated to a large extent the confusion which has so often accompanied jumping classes held under F. E. I. rules in this country.

SUMMARIES

Squadron A children's equitation—1. Jane Rouillion; 2. Sally Simpson; 3. Suzy Ray; 4. Jay Shuttleworth.

Open jumping—1. Ute, N. Y. Mounted Police; 2. Jato, R. Petersen; 3. Romulus, Squadron A; 4. Hopeful, Squadron A.

Squadron A Trooper's equitation—1. Sgt. J. Welsh; 2. Sgt. J. Monahan; 3. Cpl. W. Connaughton; 4. Sgt. M. Robertson.

Low score team jumping—1. Squadron A; 2. Oaks Hunt Ladies' Team; 3. N. Y. Mounted Police.

Squadron A Ladies' equitation—1. Miss Alice Irvine; 2. Mrs. Waldo Hatch; 3. Mrs. Elizabeth Soffer; 4. Mrs. E. E. Michaels.

Open jumping—1. Northwind, Squadron A; 2. Pelham, N. Y. Mounted Police; 3. Swift Judgment, R. Petersen; 4. Jato, R. Petersen.

Jumper championship—R. Petersen's Jato; N. Y. Police Dept.'s Ute; Squadron A's Romulus.

Judges: Col. S. V. Constant, Col. Harry Disston, Lt. George Hoblin.

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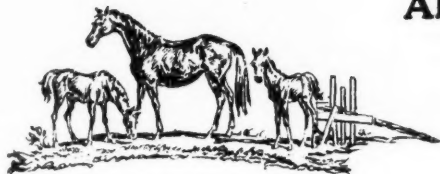


BREEDING

AND

Racing

A SECTION
DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS
OF THE TURF



THE LARGEST CROWD OF THE CURRENT HIALEAH SEASON turned out for the 15th running of the McLennan Handicap on Feb. 11. Keen interest centered on Calumet's entry of Coaltown and the aged gelding, Armed. At the finish, Mrs. E. L. Hopkins' Three Rings came into the limelight as Jockey H. Woodhouse rode the gelding to win by a length. Mrs. E. duPont Weir's Royal Governor placed ahead of Coaltown while Armed was a distant 6th.

Thoroughbreds

Three Rings Wins McLennan 'Cap On Merits And 15-Pound Weight Pull; Polls Next Year May Be Made By Racing Secretaries

Joe H. Palmer

Three Rings won the McLennan Handicap on his merits, and, of course, a 15-pound weight pull over Coaltown. The latter, according to the charts, had a slight lead in the upper stretch, though I didn't think he ever quite got up. But Three Rings clung to him gamely, and he shook off the highweight. I've never seen Coaltown win a race when a horse ran with him, and frankly I don't expect to. He was rather strongly held in the early part of the McLennan, going the first 6 furlongs in 3rd place, and I don't think it agreed with him. Ordinarily you don't send a horse scooting to the front under 132 pounds, but it seems to me that's the way Coaltown runs his best races.

The race proved a few things, I thought. For one, Ol' Skipper, which had won 2 for 2 here, is never going

to be more than a sprinter in good company. He had keen speed for about 6 furlongs, and then nearly everything in the race ran over him. He's by Occupation, which was a sprinter himself, and that's Ol' Skipper's game.

For another, Royal Governor, if he stands up, is going to be an important figure in the handicap racing this year. He was next to last after a half-mile, and he wasn't anywhere good when the field came to the stretch. But he came with a fine bold run, and while Three Rings won by a length, Royal Governor was catching him. I've never thought of him as a distance horse, but I think if he'd had another furlong he might have won the McLennan.

For a third—and I do not like this one—I'm afraid Armed is through. He'd run a good race earlier behind

Three Rings, and in the McLennan he had only 112 pounds. Well, he didn't run at all. I'm pretty sure that old as he is he could have done better, and the logical explanation is that he simply wouldn't. It's entirely conceivable that he will run a better race than this, but I think the old competitive spirit is gone.

*Balan, whose work is noted later, got himself beat in the following race, but I didn't take it seriously. He was, experimentally, rushed up to run with the pace and he tired. It didn't suit either him or McCreary, and I think he'll still be a danger from behind.

There was not much during the week to occasion dithyrambs. In fact the best performances I saw were workouts, between races, by *Balan and Royal Governor. *Balan, with Conn McCreary up, worked a mile and a furlong. Most of the time he was running under a fairly tight hold and seemed to be going easily. In the stretch he was driving, *Chloe II having picked him up 5 furlongs out. But in the early stages I kept wondering when McCreary was going to let him run. It was consequently a surprise to find that the work was caught in an excellent 1:52 2-5. He is a remarkably handsome grey, and he strides out easily. If his luck holds, I think he'll make a good horse. He belongs to Arnold

Hanger, you may remember, and Horatio Luro is training him.

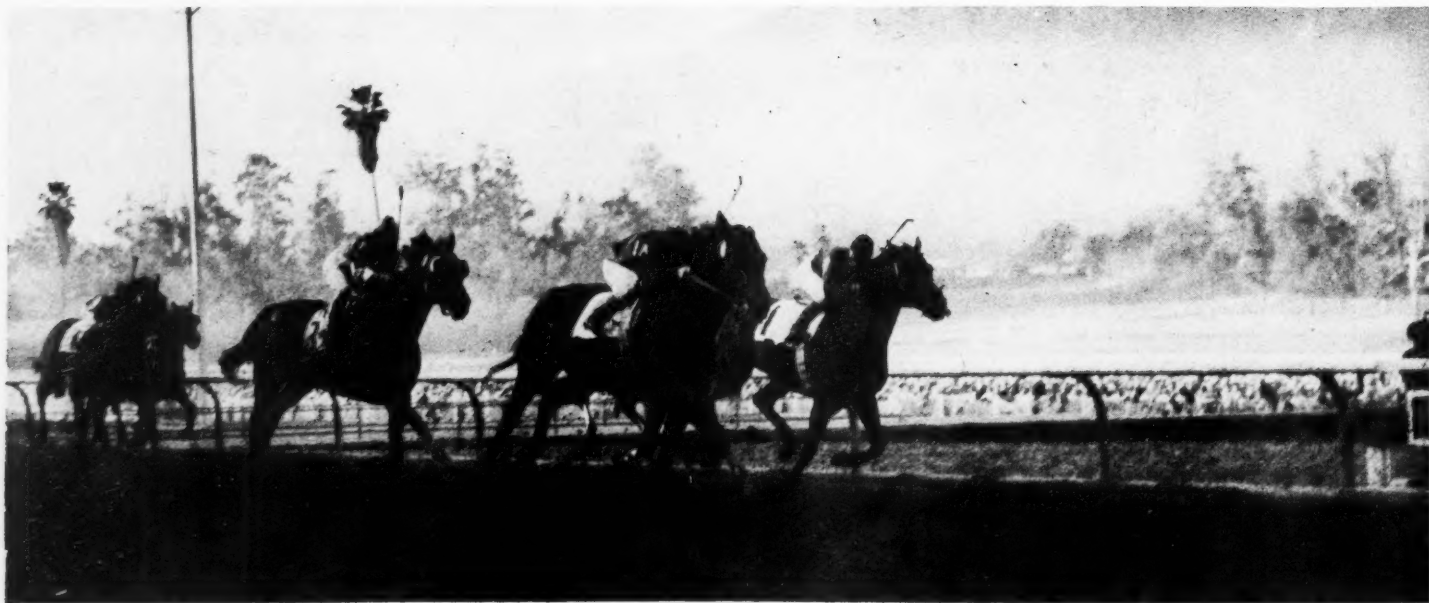
Royal Governor had a rough plane trip down from Camden—the air was bumpy and the horses kept slipping on the floor of the plane. He looked unusually fit, however, and he worked a very smart 5 furlongs in :58 4-5, a few watches catching him faster. Chris Rogers, who had him in the McLennan, was the rider.

Aside from these, I suppose the best performers were P. L. Grissom's Sun Herod and Julian Walden's Fighting Fan. Sun Herod, still a going concern at the age of 8, ran in front all the way to win a mile and a furlong allowance race from Brookmeade Stable's Dart By, the favorite. Sun Herod was once a Brookmeade horse himself; Grissom bought him and three others for \$76,000 several seasons back. Since then he's won about \$130,000, the bulk of it in Detroit, where his owner is in the automobile business.

Fighting Fan, a 4-year-old daughter of Fighting Fox, is a home-bred. She had a lucky victory early in the meeting when she finished 2nd to Bewitch and then got 1st place when Bewitch was disqualified and placed 3rd for bothering Allie's Pal. But in a sprint on February 9, she had the heels of a fair field of fillies and mares and won by 8 lengths.

Continued on Page 17

Coast To Coast Racing



FALLING SHORT \$39,285 behind the world's leading money winner, Stymie. Calumet's Citation, No. 1 (on inside), bowed to stablemate Ponder, No. 1A, in Santa Anita's San Antonio 'Cap on Feb. 11. With the Calumet stars taking the lion's share of the \$50,000 added purse, C. S. Howard's *Noor was in for 3rd ahead of A. Hirschberg's Bolero. Jockey S. Brooks was aboard Calumet's "Triple Crown" winner, Ponder. (Santa Anita Photo)



WINNER'S CIRCLE IN THE WEST, Ponder and Jockey Brooks rest up as Trainer and Mrs. Jimmy Jones receive the silver plate from LATC President Leigh M. Battison. (Santa Anita Photo)



THREE RINGS' PERSONNEL in Hialeah's winner's circle. Left to right: William Knapp, Owner Mrs. E. L. Hopkins, Jockey H. Woodhouse, Mrs. Mollie Cullum and Russell Firestone. (Hialeah Photo)



THREE RINGS chalked up the 15th Running of the McLennan Handicap at Hialeah with Jockey H. Woodhouse doing the riding. Calumet's hopes went out the window as Mrs. E. duPont Weir's Royal Governor placed ahead of Coaltown with Addison Stable's Arise 4th. The veteran Calumet gelding, Armed, was 6th. (Hialeah Photo)

Farm to Farm

Mrs. A. C. Randolph's Black Gang Will Stand At Halfway Farm; Springsbury Preps 6 Yearlings For Coming Sales

Sidney Culver

Springsbury Farm, Berryville, Va., one of the more prominent stables that contributes to the show circuit, is owned by Mr. and Mrs. George P. Greenhalgh, and in conjunction with the show string, has been raising some very good yearlings for the sales at Saratoga. If all goes well, there will be a half a dozen yearlings that will sojourn to Saratoga this August.

Last year Mrs. Greenhalgh had six nice yearlings all ready to go to the sales and one of them, a brown filly by Case Ace—Sallyport, by War Hero, hurt herself during the trip up there and so was withdrawn from the sales. Said filly was shipped back to Springsbury, recuperated, and was sold privately. This was just one of the many things that might happen to a yearling during the shipping process, and is why all owners take such extreme care and caution seeing that their yearlings get to the sales with a minimum of mishaps. However, in spite of keeping their fingers crossed, and doing everything possible to get these youngsters up there without getting hurt, now and again one of them is sure to come up with a banged knee, a coronet that has been stepped on, a filled hock, or a piece of hide missing—it's all in the game, and just considered a bad piece of luck when you get one that close to sale time and have something happen to him.

This year's crop at Springsbury is equally as good as last years, with, if it's possible to say at this early date, a little more scope to the whole group. In particular, there is a full brother to the filly that was hurt last year, which is tremendous, yet possesses enough quality so that he is by no means gross. He is, in fact, just what one could wish for for a whole consignment.

There are two Star Beacon yearlings which are outstanding individuals. One, a filly out of Dancing Patsy, belongs to Mr. Greenhalgh, and will not go to the sales. She will remain at Springsbury, to be brought along slowly, either raced or shown when the time comes, or just be there to afford the family some pleasure. I might add that a 2-year-old brother to this filly would even look good in Mrs. G.'s show string!

The second Star Beacon is a colt out of Betteefarlee, and as Betteefarlee is half-sister to Busher, this colt should run a little bit. He is a good looking rascal, with plenty of bone, and could well bring the high dollar in the Springsbury consignment.

Besides the Star Beacon and Case Ace colts, there is a colt by War Jeep and one by Vincentive, along with a filly by Bollingbroke, and one by King Cole, all of which constitute the sales group for Saratoga.

As this is being written, Mrs. Greenhalgh is in Kentucky attending to a number of things. To begin with, she has shipped three of her mares to Miss Mildred Woolwine's White Oaks Farm in Lexington, to foal and to be bred back to stallions in that area. The mares are Roman Descent, Gino's Moll and Sallyport; they will be bred to Billings, Chief

Barker, and Our Boots, respectively. The first thing one notices on looking at the Springsbury mares is their condition—every mare on the place is just as healthy as can be and as sleek as a mole. This could be attributed to the fact that Mrs. G. has that show ring back ground and likes to have animals that are appealing to the eye.

While in Lexington Mrs. Greenhalgh attended the William E. Caskey dispersal sale, and will also act in an advisory capacity on how to make the hunter and jumper division at the horse show in Lexington more uniform and make the show attractive enough to bring some good horses from the East.

One cannot visit Springsbury without coming away very much impressed with Borealls, a 2-year-old by *Nordlicht—Dancing Patsy, which is as stout a made horse as you

could hope to see anywhere. This colt won a breeding class at Upper-ville last year and closely resembles *Nordlicht, with even a little better conformation than his sire. He belongs to Mr. Greenhalgh and if he ever competes with Mrs. G.'s fancy stock at the shows, I, for one, would like a ring-side seat.

WOODBBOX

C. M. Greer, former owner of Boxwood, present owner of Woodbox (a most original and appropriate change-over in names), Middleburg, Va., has two 3-year-old bay geldings which are top prospects for 'chacin' or show ring careers. They are both by Wait A Bit, and both very handsome, well made colts, although a little different in type. The first, or the one I saw first, is out of Transcending, she by Stimulus, second dam by *Stefan The Great, a half-brother to 4 winners. He is big boned, about 16.3 hands, in good proportion, gentle, thoroughly broken, has been galloped but never tried.

The other colt, Pikes Peak by name, by Wait A Bit—Highformation, by Higher, stands over a little more ground than the other colt, but is well ribbed and just as well put together. It all depends on one's choice of type, which is the better looking of the two. Highformation is half-sister to the stakes winning

Spats and other good winners, and her sire Higher probably would have been a very good sire, but died with only two crops to reach the races, the majority of which were pretty good horses.

There are several other select equines at Woodbox that Mr. and Mrs. Greer intend to keep and race. A yearling filly by First Fiddle—Transcending, fits into this category and this little miss just overflows with quality. She is the color of her sire and "as nimble as a deer and the pride of Mrs. Greer."

C. M. Greer has two legs on the
Continued on Page 14

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			Bayardo
			Boedrop
			Sundridge
			Doctine
			Polymelus
			Merry Agnes
			Flying Fox
			Game Chick

His dam ESTORIL produced Estocade, winner at St. Cloud and dam of winner; Estelle, dam of 2 winners; Escamillo, great sprinter winner and sire; Estradot, winner and sire.

His sire ADMIRAL DRAKE has gotten Monsieur l'Amiral, winner of Cesarewitch, Queen Alexandra Stakes; Minstral, winner Prix Grehul, Poule d'essai des Poulains; Chesterfield, winner Prix Greffule; Royal Drake, 2nd in Epsom Derby; and others.

*DON JOSE II's racing career of four years was an impressive one, winning 9 firsts and 11 seconds against top company. At level weights he was in front of such horses as *Nirgal, Menetrier, Narses, Solina, Felix, Arbace, Laurentis, etc. On October 30, 1949 he was third in the Prix de la Foret, carrying 143 lbs. behind the two best French 2-year-olds. Tantieme (112 lbs.), and Cardanil (112 lbs.).

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Gallery of Great Race Mares—Virago

**Virago's Ranking Among Great Race Mares
Matter of Speculation; Poor Broodmare,
Her Line Directly Is Now Extinct**

Neil Newman

The ranking of Virago among the great race mares of all time, must, naturally, remain a matter of speculation. Her trainer, John Barham Day, went to his grave firm in the belief she was superior to the unbeaten Crucifix which he had trained for Lord George Bentinck. As late as 1919 "Old John" Porter of Kingsclere went on record stating Virago was the best mare he had ever seen. John B. Day rode Derive when he won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1826, the other John (Porter) galloped Virago when she was a 2-year-old in 1853. He was familiar with every great mare that raced in England for the next 66 years, among them Wheel of Fortune, La Fleche, Sceptre and Pretty Polly.

In his autobiography "John Porter of Kingsclere", published in 1919, and written in collaboration with the late Edward Moorehouse, (to my mind the best writer on racing topics in England since the demise of "The Druid," Henry Hall Dixon), John Porter devotes nine pages.

The tabulated racing record of Virago is as follows:

Year	Age	Sts.	1st	2nd	3rd	Unpl.	Amount Won
1853	2	1	0	0	0	1	—
1854	3	11	10	0	0	1	—
1855	4	4	1	0	1	2	—
Total (3)	16	11	0	1	4	—	\$52,100

According too "The Druid", Virago was "a great raking chestnut daughter of the Derby winner Pyrrhus the First out of Virginia by the St. Leger winner Rowton." She was bred by a Mr. Stephenson and was foaled in 1851. She was purchased privately by a money lender, Mr. Padwick, who raced under the nom-

de course "Mr. Howard", which strangely enough was the alias adopted by Jessie James over a hundred years later. The selling price was 300 guineas but Mr. Stephenson insisted Virago go through the sales ring and John Scott, "The Wizard", fancied her greatly, bidding 340 guineas for her. Mr. Padwick bid an additional 10 guineas and the filly went to Michel Grove to be trained by John Bahram Day. At 2 it fell to John Porter's lot to exercise her on the training ground and ride her in her trials.

John B. Day had a son William Day, who was somewhat loquacious and wrote several books. He it was, who trained Foxhall in the autumn when the son of King Alfonso—Jamaica, by Lexington was 3. He prepared Foxhall for his "back-end double", The Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire, that year and his triumph in the Ascot Gold Cup a year later.

William Day describes Virago, as "a beautiful, rich but rather dark colored chestnut, standing about 16 hands, very powerful and lengthy; a small, generous head, with a short, straight neck; a little upright in her pasterns, very quiet and having a fine temper." He adds—his father, just before he bought Virago, pronounced her to be "the finest yearling in the world" and declared that he would insist upon Mr. Padwick buying her, cost what she might.

Virago was tried with Little Harry which was then 4, receiving only 7 pounds. William Day rode the filly in the trial. He was so pleased he offered 2,000 pounds for her on the ground and raised it to 3,000 when got back to the house but Mr. Padwick would not sell.

John Porter tells us Virago ran once only at 2. She had been matched with Lord Clifden's filly Ossa at the first October meeting at Newmarket but paid 150 pounds forfeit. Her sole appearance under silks was in the Astley Stakes at Shrewsbury in November. It was a seller with the winner to be sold for 100 pounds, with an allowance if entered to be sold for less. Virago was entered to be sold for 80 pounds and was beaten off. She was practically left at the post, but her connections wanted her beaten, but were in a rare sweat for fear she would be claimed. After the race Admiral Rous stated she could not have been purchased for 5,000 pounds and could have won the race with 154 pounds.

Mr. Padwick's object in trying to cover Virago up was because he wanted to have his filly leniently treated when the weights came out for the Chester Cup the following spring. At that time there was considerable ante-post betting on this race and Padwick got 75 pounds to 5000 pounds from two bookmakers on the race. Prior to the publication of the Chester Cup weights, all long odds were eagerly snapped up.

George Hodgman, who was behind the scenes in racing in those days, advised Mr. Topham, handicapper at Chester, that Virago was out of the ordinary and had been backed heavily for the Cup. Mr. Topham thereupon allotted Virago 21 pounds more than Mr. Padwick and John B. Day expected and in a rage Mr. Padwick scratched the filly—this was in January, 1854. This, in Porter's opinion, was a mistake as he thought despite the weight Virago could have won the Chester Cup with ordinary good luck.

Virago's next engagements were in the City and Suburban Handicap (1 1-4 miles) and the Great Metropolitan Handicap (2 1-4 miles) both run the same day at Epsom. In the City and Suburban her weight was 88 pounds, in the Great Metropolitan 79 pounds. It was decided to run her in both races. "Tiny" Wells was to have the mount in the City and Suburban and John Por-

ter in the Great Metropolitan, as Wells could not "do" the weight.

Virago started favorite in a field of 23 at 7-4 and won in a canter by 3 lengths from Marc Antony, trained by "Young John" Day at Danebury. Marc Antony, in receipt of 17 pounds from the winner, had been regarded as a certainty by her trainer until his father advised him Virago was a better mare than the unbeaten Crucifix which old John Day had trained and "young" John Day had ridden in her sequence of unbeaten races.

Virago's victory in the City and Suburban entailed a penalty of 5 pounds for the Great Metropolitan which permitted Wells taking the mount. John Porter was requested to step down—which he did, grudgingly—and with the determination to give up thoughts of becoming a jockey and turning his attention to training, which he did with vast success in the years to follow.

Virago became a pronounced favorite for the Great Metropolitan and won handily from the 5-year-old Muscovite (105 pounds), the 3-year-old Jonathan Martin (63 lbs.) and 16 others. At York that spring

Continued on Page 14



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The Longer Importations Wait To Become Acclimated, the Longer It Takes To Get Them Into Shape To Really Race

Tom Shehan

Hirsch Jacobs, long one of our leading trainers, was looking over the six South American horses Trainer Harold O. Simmons has just imported for the Cherry Oca Stable of David S. Toochin, Boston leather manufacturer. Trainer Jacobs was reminded of *Tutti Frutti, one of the first horses from the tropics to invade this country.

"He was one of the toughest I have seen from down there," recalled Mr. Jacobs. "I know I saw him in Cuba first. We had Jack Beiner in one of those handicaps down there and he finished 2nd to our horse, but then he came back in the New Year's Handicap and just galloped. He was a Chilean horse."

"*Tutti Frutti came to this country and did all right, but he had a little age on him by the time he got here. Before he came over he won the Chilean Derby and other races."

*Tutti Frutti stood at the Montana Stud, but was far from being a success. He was killed by a bolt of lightning in 1931.

During the course of his visit to the Cherry Oca Shedrow, where he looked over *Equinox, *Copette, *Tiecuro, *Apachio, *Lina, and *Cuore, Mr. Jacobs was inclined to go along with Trainer Simmons in his plans to get his new stock racing as soon as possible.

"I don't know what it is," said Hirsch, "but the longer you wait on them to get acclimated, the longer it takes to get them into shape to really race. I know we had five horses come up from South America by boat one time. I loaded them on a van and took them to the farm. When we turned them out all but one of them was all stiffened up from the trip. I ordered him back on the van and took him to the track and started training him right away. He did all right, too, we won races with him right away."

Mr. Jacobs says that the two best South Americans he himself trained were *Cabellero 2nd and *Confiado. He claimed the former from Clarence Shockley on the day that Shockley parleyed *Sahri 2nd and *Cabellero 2nd, but imported the latter. Both horses moved up into handicap company.

Of the horses the Cherry Oca Stable imported, *Equinox probably has the best record. He carried as much as 60 kilos (132 pounds), in that country and on at least one occasion stepped 1600 meters in 1:35 and a fraction.

*Equinox, which will probably have to be renamed because there is a son of Equipoise already racing under that name in this country, faced the best in the Argentine in his races. The two best horses, according to both Toochin and Simmons, were Penny Post and a horse named Crus Montiel, neither of which is for sale. On at least two occasions he has also met Arnold Hangar's grey horse, *Balan, and has split even with him.

Down in the Argentine Simmons reports that they were more impressed that Hangar has a horse named White Milk than they were with the fact that *Balan was to race in his colors.

Just prior to the opening of Hialeah, Racing Secretary Charles J. McLennan looked over the nominations for the \$50,000 Widener there on Feb. 25 and expressed the opinion that he didn't think that it would shape up as much of a race. But he would probably change that opinion now because of the way horses like Bug Juice, Ol' Skipper, *Balan, Three Rings and Armed have been racing and the way Coal-town has been working.

After two Calumet winners in a row were disqualified, Vigorous and

Bewitch, and their riders, Ovie Scurlock and Joe Culmone, set down for ten days, one of the boys with a flair for doggerel verse came up with the following:

"If on the ground you would set,
Ride a horse for Calumet."

Hot horse of the moment on the turf at Hialeah is Perne L. Grisson's Sun Herod which stepped a mile and a furlong in track record time of 1:50 2-5, beating the Brookmeade Stable's Dart By and E. E. Voynow's Stud Poker, among others. Sun Herod won the Boots and Saddles Handicap at Detroit for his only stakes score of 1949.

Judging by his performance in the \$25,000 added McLennan 'Cap, Calumet Farm's Coal-town only lacked a tightening race of winning that mile and a furlong event. He got to the front of Three Rings momentarily in the stretch, but he was tired after lugging that 132 pounds around without having been given a chance to warm up for that event and couldn't maintain his lead. Anyhow, that's the way it looked from here.

Naturally, Ben Jones saw it differently. Ben wakes up at night with nightmares of horses breaking down under the burdens handicappers put on them. Generally, however, it doesn't happen that way, something else breaks them down.

While Warren Mehrtens hand-rode out his mount at least part way in the drive down the stretch, it cannot be said that he put the Calumet speed horse to any sustained drive with the whip that he was carrying. I can't help wondering what would happen if he did.

Would Coal-town have won? If he did win would he have been knocked out by being asked to go to an all-out drive without the proper tightening under his belt? Those are questions that will never be answered.

One thing is certain, however, and that is that Coal-town will not be underestimated in The Widener.

Horatio A. Luro, who trains Arnold Hangar's *Balan, elected to send the gray South American out in a mile and a furlong turf race that followed it rather than the McLennan, but the best he could do is finish 3rd while another South American horse, *Chicle 2nd, ran away and hid from E. E. Voynow's Stud Poker and the Hangar importation. *Chicle 2nd is a son of Foxglove—Candy which was purchased for \$1,800 in Argentina, claimed for \$7,500 by the Palatine Stable in his first outing here. He runs over turf like a wild horse and his 1:50 for the mile and a furlong on the grass equalled Three Rings' McLennan time for the same distance over the dirt surface, somewhat dulled by morning showers.

An "ultimatum" by the horsemen, who were the real sufferers in that battle between gate interests, resulted in Hialeah being given permission by the Puett Gate Company to use one of their gates for the rest of the meeting. The starts were so

Continued on Page 14

Breeders' Sales Co.

**Thoroughbred Auction
Sales At Keeneland**

**YEARLINGS
MIDSUMMER**

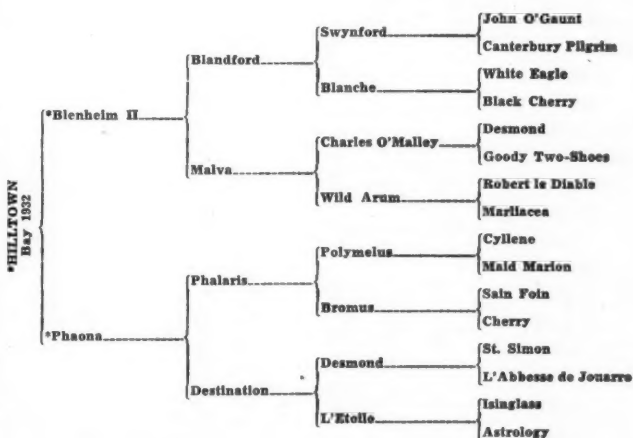
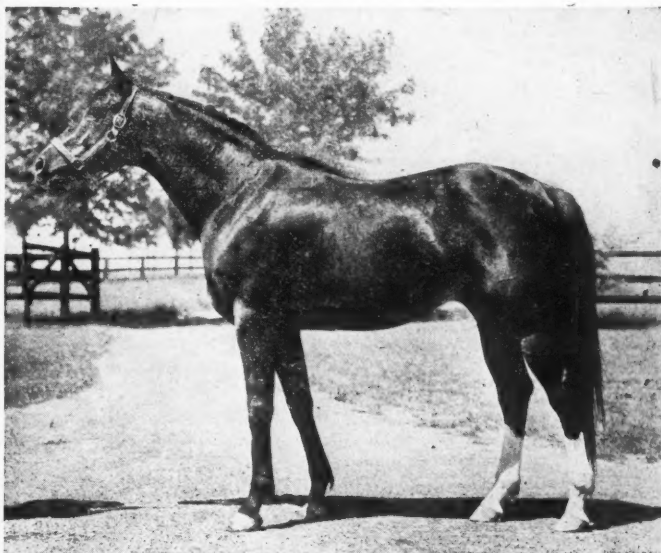
**ALL AGES
NOVEMBER**

**Breeders' Sales Company
400 Radio Bldg. Lexington, Ky.**

*HILLTOWN

(PROPERTY OF TANRACKIN FARM)

Winning Son of *Blenheim II Out of the Dam of *Easton



*HILLTOWN was lightly raced at three, winning two races, and in the money seven times out of eleven starts.

*HILLTOWN'S male line is that of *St. Germans, *Challenger II, *Mahmoud, Whirlaway, Silurian (3 times leading sire in Argentina), Donatello II (unbeaten Italian champion), etc.

Dam *PHAONA, produced *EASTON (stake winner and sire of stake winners), Dark Phaona, Sun Destiny and the producers Sunny Phalara, Alphaona and Valdina Phao.

*HILLTOWN'S 30 odd winners include the great stake horse and sire VALDINA ORPHAN (Derby Trial Stakes, Constitution Handicap, Dwyer Stakes, Natchitoches Handicap, Lecompte Handicap, Narragansett Governor's Handicap, etc., placed in Kentucky Derby, Classic Stakes, etc.)

*HILLTOWN has also sired the famous show ring winner PROMPT PAYMENT, Champion Hunter at the Upper-ville, Warrenton, Bryn Mawr, National Capitol, Lynchburg, Fairfield, etc. Horse Shows, and VALDINA SCAMP, winner of the 1949 Deep Run Hunt Cup, four miles over timber.

77% OF *HILLTOWN'S GET WHICH HAVE STARTED ARE WINNERS

—STANDING AT—

TANRACKIN FARM

THOMAS M. WALLER

Bedford Hills, Westchester County, New York

Fee \$350 Return

South Americans

Continued from Page 13

atrocious with "open flags" that the horsemen were up in arms about the fact that they were the victims of the court fight. President Dan Chappell of the National HBPA put in a phone call and the result was that a gate was sent over the road to Hialeah post haste. Furthermore, it was sent with no strings attached, no concessions from the management, such as 5-year contracts, etc.

While the Cuban Breeders and Florida Breeders have their "International Races" scheduled for Gulfstream Park on March 8 and Oriental Park outside of Havana, Cuba on March 12, there is a possibility that the second race of the series may not be held. The horsemen are still on strike in the Pearl of the Antilles as the result of a dispute with the management about purses.

Meanwhile, it looks as if Florida's chief 2-year-old hope in the International Races will be Mr. A. B. which races for A. B. Christopher for whom he was named, but was bred by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Tilly Christopher. Mr. A. B. has won 2 races in a row, including the Florida Breeders Stakes.

Horsemen will be interested in knowing that the treatment which brought John March's Ol' Skipper back to the races was given him quite unintentionally. It seems that Ol' Skipper, which was kicked on the inside of the arm of the left foreleg as a yearling, developed a bunch there that continued to run and would not dry up, no matter what the treatment. Finally, Trainer Howard Hoffman decided to send his charge to Dr. Hagyard's farm in Lexington, Ky. to have that famous vet take a crack at curing it. Dr. Hagyard tried to take an X-ray picture of it, but got a bad picture and tried again. The same thing happened. However, it was noticed that the bunch had started to heal, was reduced in size and was no longer draining. The only conclusion that can be arrived at is that the X-ray lamp brought about the cure.

Farm To Farm

Continued from Page 11

Virginia Gold Cup, but will not have a candidate this year for the third leg, which is needed to retire the cup. His Goldun won the Gold Cup in 1941, with Mr. J. Bosley, III, up and Houseman, with Mr. M. Smithwick up, won in 1946. It is regrettable that Mr. Greer does not have an entry this year, as he is just the kind of participant this particular sport needs.

HALFWAY FARM

Any time a horse runs a quarter in :22 1-5 he must have speed, and speed is just what Mrs. A. C. Randolph's Black Gang had. Whether he will transmit this much sought after quality to his offspring, time alone will tell. He certainly is a well-bred horse, with looks to go with it and a stud fee that is commensurate with other good stallions here in Virginia.

Black Gang, blk., 1941, by War Admiral—Baby's Breath, by *Sickle,

will stand at Mrs. A. C. Randolph's Halfway Farm near Middleburg, Va. According to Andrew Kirby, the stud groom, Black Gang is as gentle as a kitten, with manners above reproach, qualities that are worth considering, especially for a high-strung mare.

Black Gang's family is one of the most fashionable. His dam is by *Sickle which is a full brother to *Pharamond II (which, among other top horses, sired Menow, sire of Capot), and is by Phalaris, sire of Pharos, which is the sire of the great Nearco.

DID YOU KNOW?

War Admiral was unplaced only once in 26 starts, of which he won 21, was 2nd in 3 and 3rd in 1, to earn a total of \$273,240. He was unbeaten as a 3-year-old, winning all 8 starts, including the American "Triple Crown"—Kentucky Derby, Preakness, and Belmont Stakes.

Virago

Continued from Page 12

she won the Great Northern and Flying Dutchman Handicaps. The rumor was an attempt would be made to poison Virago, so John Day and William Goater, his head lad, sat up all night in a room near her box and John Porter slept in her box. At Newmarket she won the One Thousand Guineas by a length at 1-3. At Goodwood she won the Goodwood Cup and the Nassau Stakes. It is said John Scott brought West Australian, then 4, the first winner of the "Triple Crown" the year before and the Ascot Gold Cup that June, to Goodwood to run "The West" in the Cup but changed his mind when he learned Virago was going to start. At York in the autumn she won the Yorkshire Oaks. At Warwick she won the Warwick Cup beating Kingston, Cobnut and the Oaks winner Mincemeat. At Doncaster, taking up a penalty of 7 pounds, she easily defeated Kingston in the Doncaster Cup 2 1-4 miles. She was beaten once at 3 in a 5-furlong sprint at York in the summer, finishing unplaced.

Virago turned roarer during the winter of 1854-1855 but won her first start, the Port Stakes (2 miles) at Newmarket. She failed to win thereafter finishing 4th in a field of 22—in the Royal Hunt Cup (1 mile under 133 pounds). The winner was the 4-year-old Brocket, with 116 pounds. She was 3rd in the Ascot Gold Cup to Pandango and Rataplan and unplaced in the Craven Cup at Goodwood, breaking down shortly after this race.

Taken out of training, she was sold to Lord Stradbroke brother of Admiral Rous, and was of little account as a broodmare. Though bred to such sires as Orlando, The Flying Dutchman, Stockwell, Kingston, Pandango and Thormanby, her only produce of merit was Thalestris by Kingston, winner in 1864 of the Cesarewitch at 4, with 86 pounds. Her last foal, in 1864, was Stradbroke by Thormanby. She was barren the next three years, slipped her foal of 1868 and died in 1869 at the age of 18. Her line directly is extinct. Her half-sister, Sacrifice, was the ancestress of Thebais, St. Marguerite, Seabreeze, Tredennis and *Rock Sand.

Selected by U. S. Remount

PARMELEE T

B. 1934, 16 hands. Weight 1200 lbs.
Victorian—Waukulla,
by *Chicle

Parmelee T descends directly through both his sire and dam to the great staying lines of Broomstick, Peter Pan, Spearmint and Hamburg.

He has a double cross of Broomstick, his sire being Whisk Broom II and his dam out of Tunnin, by Broomstick.

Fee: \$25.00

CHERRY HILL FARM

C. H. AND C. M. CROUCH

Aldie

Virginia

FOR SHOW OR RACING INSPECT A GOOD 2-YEAR-OLD GREY SON OF BARRED UMBER—MR. UMBER. HE SHOULD SUIT YOUR FANCY.

Bred by Greentree Stud

WITCH HUNT

Gr. 1945, 16.2 hands. Weight 1250 lbs.
Third Degree—Peradventure
by Royal Minstrel

A big Thoroughbred, bred for speed and stamina to get race horses. He has the size and substance to produce good horses through the field, hunters and conformation type.

*Royal Minstrel sired among many other stakes winners, Singing Wood, top money winner for 1933. In 1948 Third Degree sired 27 winners of \$128,400.

Fee: \$50.00

The Greatest Staying Lines In Europe Have Produced

*Hunters Moon IV

by FOXHUNTER—PEARL OPAL, by BRULEUR

Sire of Moonrush recent winner of the Santa Catalina Handicap who has just earned \$115,780 and the other stakes winners Stirrup Cup, Lunada and Boston Moon.

IN HIS MALE LINES:

Son In Law

William The Third

Chouberski

SON IN LAW sired our leading sire of jumpers *Tourist II. Son In Law was leading sire in England, an excellent broodmare sire. His son Foxlaw sired *Deanslaw who took the measure of our leading 'chaser Elkridge.

WILLIAM THE THIRD is by the inimitable ST. SIMON whose blood runs in more winners today than that of any other sire. WILLIAM THE THIRD is one of England's great staying lines. Of 67 leading 'chasers last year, 33 descend directly to St. Simon through their male lines.

CHOUBERSKI has been outstandingly successful in this country. He is the sire of Sauge which produced PETERSKI, winner of The Maryland Hunt Cup, and CORMAC, winner of his first 3 starts over timber before being cut down in The Maryland Hunt Cup.

THE FEMALE LINE is one of our most famous racing families. It is the same family that produced *Sir Gallahad III, *Bull Dog, *Bahram, etc. *HUNTERS MOON'S grandam Pearl Maiden was also the dam of Pearl Cap one of the great mares of Europe and dam of Pearl Diver winner of the 1947 English Derby.

A PERFECT BLENDING OF SPEED WITH STAMINA

88% of His Starters Have Won.

89% Have Won or Placed.

Total Earnings of Over \$500,000.

1950 Fee—\$500

Refund if mare proves barren after November 1st.

THE MEADOW

Doswell

(C. T. CHENERY)

Virginia

ANNOUNCING FIRST SEASON AT STUD

TIDE RIPS

Chestnut horse, 1944

by BATTLESHIP—SUN FLO, by *SUN BRIAR

Stakes winner of \$78,975

Winner of the Brandywine and Monmouth 'Caps; second in the Trenton, Havre de Grace 'Caps and The Belmont; third in the Sussex and Manhattan 'Caps.

TIDE RIPS.....	BATTLESHIP.....	Man o'War.....	Fair Play Mahubah Sea Sick Queenie Sundridge
	*Quarantine.....		*Sweet Briar II Alcantara II Fulda II
	SUN FLO.....	*Sun Briar.....	
		*Flo II.....	

TIDE RIPS' sire Battleship was one of Man o'War's greatest sons. A stakes winner on the flat and through the field in the United States, a 'chasing stakes winner in England and the only American-owned and bred winner of the English Grand National. He is the sire of the stakes winners Tide Rips, Floating Isle, Navigate, War Battle and the winners Battle Cruiser, Battle Rock, Deep Six, Navy Bomber, Navy Gun, Seventeen Guns, Spain's Armada, Squadron Girl, and Westport Point, etc. Sun Flo, dam of TIDE RIPS was a winner and besides TIDE RIPS produced Resplendence and Sunmoor.

FEE: \$300, payable at time of service

Money refunded November 1st, 1950 if mare proves barren.

Stakes winners and Dams of Stakes Winners, Free.

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Stakes Winners In the News



MR. A. B., Jockey T. Atkinson up, winner of the Florida Breeders' Stake. Mr. A. B. and the place horse, Liberty Rab were sired by Mrs. T. Christopher's Doublerab. (Hialeah Photo)



SPECIAL TOUCH, E. Arcaro up, in the winner's circle after winning the Santa Susana Stakes. Also in the picture are (l. to r.): G. W. Johnson, Jr., sec'y of the Santa Anita Foundation; Owner and Mrs. J. N. Crofton and Trainer W. Fenwick, Sr. (Santa Anita Photo)



SPECIAL TOUCH, nears the wire all alone, after taking the measure of fourteen 3-year-old fillies in the Santa Susana Stakes. (Santa Anita Photo)



A. B. CHRISTOPHER, owner of Mr. A. B. and Mrs. T. Christopher, breeder of the winner and 2nd horse in the Florida Breeders' Stakes. (Hialeah Photo)

Sire of winners of over \$2,000,000



Jamestown

78% of his foals have won

One of the top members of one of America's greatest crops of foals in recent years, Jamestown has compiled a unique record in the stud. Not including his current crop of 2-year-olds (of which five are winners from 12 foals), Jamestown is the sire of 204 foals, 192 starters, and 160 winners. Considering the number of foals, this record is about as close to 100% as it is possible for any sire to gain. Jamestown is also sire of 17 stakes winners, including the three \$100,000 winners Johnstown, Natchez, and Specify.

Jamestown is a son of St. James out of Mlle. Dazie, by Fair Play. His second dam is Toggery, by *Rock Sand.

1950 Fee \$500—LIVE FOAL

Fee due September 1 of year bred unless mare is barren and veterinary certificate is furnished. The physical condition of any mare coming to Jamestown is subject to approval. No maidens accepted unless by permission in each case.

at Old Kenney Farm

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Land Title Building
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

WILLIAM KING
Old Kenney Farm
LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY

MERRYLAND FARM HYDE, MARYLAND



Bert Clark Thayer Photo

The approach to this fertile valley—your first view—captivates you before you ever set foot on the place. When you drive down the last hill of the winding country road through the woods that leads to the farm and walk around a few minutes, you are impressed by the friendly, farmy warmth of the buildings and the land; you are sure real horsemen and horses live here and like it.

Merryland is conveniently located, about 9 miles from Towson; 8 miles from Bel Air and an easy drive from Pimlico, Havre de Grace, Laurel and Bowie, and only 50 miles from Delaware Park as the map will show you. You will be heartily welcomed as a visitor at all times and I am sure you will enjoy every minute of your stay.—Bert Clark Thayer.

STALLIONS AT MERRYLAND

PEACE CHANCE, by Chance Shot—Peace, by *Stefan The Great.

In 13 starts, 5 firsts, 5 seconds. Winner of the Belmont Stakes, new track record at Churchill Downs of 1:35-4/5 for a mile. Defeated Tick at Belmont Park over a mile in 1:35-4/5.

His Get Have Earned Through June 1949 \$1,536,660.

Fee: \$500 and Return

CASSIS, by *Bull Dog—Gay Knightess, by *Bright Knight.

In 6 years of racing, 20 firsts, 13 seconds, 12 shows to win \$101,382. Cassis at 2 won the Christiana Stakes; at 3 the Benjamin Franklin Handicap; at 4 Valley Forge Fall Highweight Handicap; at 5 Roseben and Vosburgh Handicaps; at 7 Fall Highweight Handicap, Princeton Handicap.

Fee: \$350—Book Full

LITTLE BEANS, by Mirafel—Florhi, by Playfellow.

Stakes winner, Eastern Shore and Maplewood. Sire of stakes winner Fritz Maisel and the winners Parkie, Roy O, Bo Mowlee, Contradictory, Minaddie, Marion Clarke, etc.

Fee: \$250 and Return

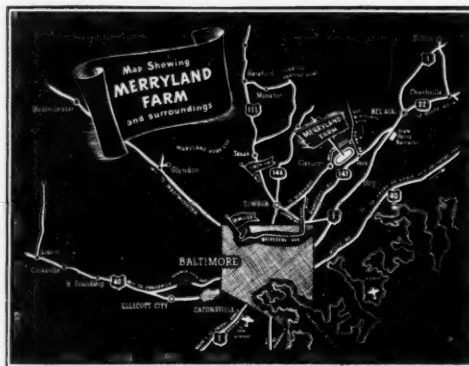
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DANNY SHEA

Hyde, Maryland

Telephone: Fork 2951

Letters To The Editor

Continued from Page 2

I recall a moment when the rider ahead of me flushed a pheasant. My horse jumped over that pheasant, in flight, about four feet off the ground. There was no time to anticipate a change of position and, therefore, I am still grateful that I was riding the jumping seat, as I always do, 'cross country.

There is a great deal of wisdom in sitting down in the saddle, to conserve the strength of a competitive-high jumper in the ring. There is every danger in the same procedure while galloping 'cross country. The two operations are as different as the trot of a Hackney and the trot of a Thoroughbred.

Sincerely,

Margaret M. deMartelly

Elgin, Illinois

Maryland's Reasons

(Editor's Note: The following letter from Harry Parr, President of the Maryland Jockey Club to Mr. Wing gives the reasons for the decision of the Maryland Jockey Club for omitting racing this Spring over jumps at Laurel and Pimlico. The Chronicle is most appreciative of Mr. Wing's permission to publish this letter in The Chronicle.)

Mr. S. Bryce Wing, President
National Steeplechase & Hunt
Association
250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Dear Bryce:

It was with great regret that I must inform you of the decision of the Maryland Jockey Club to temporarily abandon steeplechase racing at Pimlico this Spring.

The decision was reached largely because of the conflict with Belmont Park for all of our meeting excepting the first week. There are not enough good jumpers today to run steeplechases at two major tracks simultaneously, and the sport definitely suffers from the poor quality of races which so often result when owners and trainers attempt to support both meetings.

Furthermore, because of the upset conditions of racing in Maryland today, principally caused by the competition of Garden State Park, it is imperative that the Maryland Jockey Club make a profit this Spring, not only to attempt to recover its financial losses already sustained, but to place it in a sound financial position when jumping can be resumed.

I can assure you that it has never occurred to anyone in the Maryland Jockey Club to permanently abandon steeplechasing which is as traditionally important as the Dixie, the Preakness and the Old Clubhouse.

Sincerely,

Henry A. Parr, 3rd
President

The Maryland Jockey Club
Pimlico Race Course Baltimore, 15

Thoroughbreds

Continued from Page 9

She wasn't put in the Black Helen Handicap, the best of the Hialeah filly and mare races, because it was considered that she sprints considerably better than she stays. "We thought that was a little too long for her," remarked her trainer, Tommy Root, "but the way she won today made me think we might be wrong. The way she was going she could have lasted a furlong or so more."

Every year we have polls, but this year the newspapers are full of them. One thing I notice is that basketball experts think the basketball polling is insane; football experts take issue with the results of football polls, and certainly the racing polls have been remarkably void of reason. The reason, apparently, is that the voting is being done by persons who, to put it charitably, gave a general knowledge of sports without being intimately familiar with any.

It was consequently interesting to note that the Thoroughbred Racing Association intends to ask the racing secretaries who serve its thirty-seven member tracks to act as a board of selection to name the champions of each year in eight categories. There will no doubt be differences of opinion, even in so expert a board, but even so championships so conferred will deserve a good deal of respect, because you can be sure of the qualifications of the people who vote.

As the T. R. A. explains it, the secretaries will be asked to pick the best 2-year-old colt and filly, the best 3-year-old colt and filly, champion router, and championship steeplechaser. Finally one outstanding horse, regardless of age or sex, will be named American champion, which is a shorter way to say "the horse of the year." This counts up to only seven categories, and the T. R. A. release says eight. I'm just as puzzled as you are about it. I'd guess, though, that champion sprinter is the omitted category.

The National Association of Thoroughbred Breeders, which met at Hialeah February 10, is an association of various Thoroughbred clubs in the country, designed mostly for public relations, as nearly as I can make it out. But it has done a very constructive thing in the establishment of scholarships in nine universities, and it expects to add a tenth. The only conditions are that the scholarships go to youngsters who participate in the Future Farmers of America program and that they need help. Each university picks its own recipient. The scholarships start with the 1950 school year, and naturally the association hopes to expand its program later. It's not very showy, but it's constructive.



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Do You Want To Breed Horses—

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*PIPING ROCK

b. 1937

\$6,014
AVERAGE

PAID FOR YEARLINGS
AT AUCTION BY
***PIPING ROCK 1945-1949**

Since 1945, 22 yearlings by *Piping Rock have sold for \$133,300, for an average price of \$6,014 per yearling.

His yearlings sold at auction during 1949 brought higher average prices than the yearlings of any other sire now standing in Virginia.

At the Chrysler sale of horses-in-training, Imperium by *Piping Rock at \$19,000 was the top priced race horse.

Nina Rock at \$8,500 was the second highest priced brood-mare to be sold at the California Fall Sales.

Sonorous in foal to *Piping Rock was the second highest priced brood-mare sold at the O'Sullivan Farms Dispersal Sale.

Standing 1950 at

PINE BROOK FARM

Warrenton

Virginia

Fee: \$1,000, Live Foal

THE ONLY WINNER OF THE MARYLAND HUNT CUP TO STAND AT STUD

PETERSKI

Property of Mrs. E. C. Lord II and Lewis A. Douglas, Jr.

- Maryland Hunt Cup Winner ● Radnor Hunt Cup Winner
- Gloucester Foxhunting Plate Winner ● Cheshire Bowl Winner

PETERSKI was only out of the money once in his career over timber and was 3rd in the Maryland Hunt Cup in 1946 and 3rd in Louie Leith Memorial in 1948.

PETERSKI B. 1936	*Wrack	Robert Le Diable	Ayrshire
		Samphire	Rose Bay
	Marguerite	Celt	Inglass
		*Faery Ray	Cheladry
*Sauge	Chouberski	Gardenfen	*Maid of Erin
		Campanule	Radium
	Sainte Rose	Cheri	Seraph
		Rose of Mal	Cambyse
			Bougie
			The Bard
			Saint Lucia
			St. Damien
			Cromatella
			Callistrate
			May Pole

PETERSKI'S dam, *SAUGE produced last Spring's exceptional timber horse CORMAC who was never defeated in his 3 starts over timber and severed his tendons while leading in the 1949 Maryland Hunt Cup. *SAUGE also produced that good winner EREMON.

PETEE-WRACK comes from a great jumping line and himself produced the 1949 Maryland Hunt Cup winner, PINE PEP, BROTHER JONES and others.

Fee: \$200 and Return

(Free to stakes winners and dams of stakes winners)

His first foals show great size and substance. They appear to take after their sire and are all fine, rugged looking individuals.

HERMITAGE FARM

W. BURLING COCKS

Unionville

Chester County

Pennsylvania

Annual Redland Hunt Point-To-Point Races

Saturday, March 4th, 1950, 2 P. M.

1. TERPENNING CUP PAIR RACE. Catchweights.
2. GAP HUNTERS RACE. Catchweights.
3. REDLAND BOWL RACE. Minimum weight, 165 lbs.
4. HEAVYWEIGHT RACE. Minimum weight, 200 lbs.

Entries close February 27th, 1950

Mail entries to:

WILLIAM F. CARL

7701 Wisconsin Ave., Bethesda, Md.

Tele: Oliver 2121 or Wisconsin 3234

HUNTING

POTOMAC HUNT

Route 1,
Rockville,
Maryland.
Established 1910.
Recognized 1931.



Members received notice that the meet scheduled at the Glen has been changed to the Kennels, and that members of the Warrenton Hunt would join us.

The day was clear, but warm, almost summer heat. However, when hounds were turned out of the kennels, none of them showed any signs of spring fever. They were a happy and alert looking pack, on their toes and ready for a chase.

Two members of the honorary staff were absent—A. G. Earnest in bed with pneumonia and Bill Carroll, under doctor's orders, was grounded. The Master asked Judge Richmond Keech and Sam Bogley to work with Mrs. Alice Berry as whips.

Hounds left the kennels, crossing the pike into the Bailey fields, taking the path and coop jumps through Hal Poole's to the Travilah road and over the coop jumps into Mt. Prospect Farm, (Mr. and Mrs. W. Hanson's).

Hounds were held in the pasture by the fish pond, giving the large field a chance to assemble before casting.

Here the M. F. H. gave instructions to his staff and announced that after the hunt Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Cotter would entertain at a buffet-supper at their farm "Jolea".

The familiar saying, the case of the postman on his day off. The visiting Master Russell Arundel showed keen interest in Dr. Greear's instructions to his staff and watched throughout the afternoon every movement of members of staff and hounds, doubtless conscious of the Master's responsibility to see that his field is given real sport.

Hounds were cast in the woods behind the pond and worked through the woods and adjoining fields to the meadow. Mt. Prospect is beautifully panned with well placed white painted jumps. It was a picturesque sight to watch the whips in their colorful pink stationed as sentinels on the hill tops, watching as the huntsman with his 16 couple of mostly red and white American hounds hunted the coverts "Old Charley" would likely be found.

This was a well turned out field. Claude Owens was Field-Master for the afternoon. He was mounted on his Grey Shadow. Mrs. Robert Winmill and Mrs. Edwin Graves from Warrenton were also out on beautiful greys. Nothing could have been more striking than these two lovely ladies, on side saddle, in dark blue habits, with white flannel collars, Warrenton's colors. I understand they are regulars behind Warrenton's hounds, always ready and anxious for a chase, the faster the better. Mrs. Amory A. Lawrence, turned out to perfection riding her home-bred chestnut, new country and strange jumps making no difference to either of them. Mrs. Ruth Kobzina and Miss Sally Spilman, stayed close together, both on well mannered and wonderful going bays. These ladies seemed to be having lots of fun chatting, but when hounds went away I noticed they settled down to serious business. Mrs. Henry Atherton, Jr. riding a handsome, big, dappled grey, the envy of all who loves a grey horse. Andrew Bartenstein and John Maloney completed the mounted guests list.

Hounds tried hard but could not find in Hanson's. It was a disappointment as every one loves to gallop those big open pastures and go

sailing over the well placed jumps. Hounds drew the Claggett Jones side of the Parson's woods, staying in the woods back of Paul Mill's barn. Not until hounds reached the far end of these woods did they show any signs of a line. Here their noses went lower and their sterno higher, they circled, darted and finally opened. Hounds followed the line from the woods into the open fields on the George Garrett farm. While running those hills and dales, hounds were out of hearing, coming back within hearing as they made a turn and crossed by Ruben Mills and into the woods behind his house. There had been no outs, and the pack had turned on the steam as they raced across one hill and then another.

Hounds were not seen until they crossed from the Mills woods into Mr. Schwartzbeck's wheat field running toward the Duffel road. The two Masters closed in quickly on the huntsman and whip. They had stopped to open a gate, taking only a second, and they were all off again. The Field Master and his field followed very closely behind. Hounds crossed the Duffel road into Lawrence Mills woods. In these woods men were cutting timber, and no doubt they were the cause of the fox making another sharp turn, this time heading north, running in that direction, just far enough to circle the wood choppers. Feeling that he had escaped his No. 2 enemy, he turned again, this time heading south, coming from the woods and crossing Claggett Jones' open field. Hounds were right on his line, making the same turns and circles he had made. Reaching the open fields, their notes sounded sharper than ever. Midway this field was a nice red clay mound. The clay, glistening in the sunshine, must have caught the fox's eye; straight for it he went and in he ducked, leaving behind him a pack of panting, breathless hounds.

A western gap delayed the staff and Field, but they reached the den a few minutes behind hounds. It was a hot gathering, hounds, horses and humans all gasping for breath. Douglas dismounted immediately and began to encourage young hounds in their digging. The Field, with derbies off, were busy mopping their brows while they watched with interest the den hounds. The visiting Master, flushed from the heat, congratulated Douglas on the nice work his hounds had done. Douglas acknowledged this praise, lifted his cap in thanks and appreciation. I know it was one of the happiest moments of his life.

The afternoon was slipping along and to make the most of the daylight, the Master soon nodded to Douglas to lift his pack and recast. The lower end of Lawrence Mills woods was the next covert which was a blank. Hounds were lifted again crossing the Jones Lane and worked the woods adjoining the Mills farm. This also was a blank. Crossing through the Roberts meadow and Turkey Foot road into Henry Seay's we followed the creek down as far as Col. Smith's. These fields are heavy with weeds and briars, but hounds feathered well and showed lots of interest in hunting. From Seay's, hounds drew up as far as the Hill farm, crossing into Dr. Horgan's back of his hay barn. Hounds had covered a large acreage since dening the first fox, and as the sun was fast setting and we were quite a distance from the kennels and vans, we knew we would soon get the Master's signal to call it a day. Reaching the barrack Dr. Greear rode forward, bringing the Field with him and told Douglas to blow in his hounds. Most of the

CAMDEN HUNT

Camden,
South Carolina.
Established 1926.
Recognized 1929.



The Camden Hunt has had a most successful season this winter with an average Field of 20 turning out twice a week on Thursday and Sunday afternoons. Later on in the season, the hunt days may be changed to accommodate the younger hunters, home for spring vacation.

The Camden Hunt lies in the heart of Kershaw County, 33 miles long by 27 miles wide in an undulating country of fields and pine woods. The jumps are post and rail, alken and chicken coops running from 3'-6" to 4'-0" and even a little higher on the formidable Ridge Line. The Senior Hunts are run through the beautiful Peck and Weeks woods while the popular Junior Drag—a special Camden feature—meets in Peck Woods every Saturday morning. Special attention is given to the young riders and as many as 25 juniors have turned out on a single hunt. The small children who do not yet jump are encouraged to follow the Junior Drag and ride around the

Field went on ahead, but those that stayed to come in with the pack had lots of fun and did lots of chatting about the day's sport.

The nice afternoon was topped off with the buffet-supper at the Cotters'. We hope Warrenton will come back again really soon.

—A. C. Berry

jumps. For the first time this year, the Juniors have hunted with hounds from the Camden pack. The Camden Hunt this year owns 6 1-2 couple of hounds.

On Saturday, January 21, the hunt met at the kennels with some members of the Tryon Hunt. Among the hunters out that day were Miss Betty Bosley, of Monkton, Md., on Count Stefan—which ran 2nd in the Maryland Hunt Cup in 1946—and Mrs. Kirkpatrick from Middleburg, Va. Hounds ran through Weeks' woods and finished over the last fence of the hunter trial course.

The Camden Hunt is run under the able direction of Mrs. C. P. DuBose, Jr., M. F. H. Cyril R. Harrison is secretary; Charles P. DuBose, Jr., treasurer; Carl Lightfoot, hon. huntsman and Hon. Whipper-Ins, Miss Kate Williams, Miss Pat Clyburn and S. C. Clyburn.

This year, for the first time since 1941, the Camden Hunt is reviving the famous Camden Hunter Trials, always a high point in the winter activities. The Hunter Trials will be run off on Saturday, February 25th. They will take place on property owned Mr. Harry D. Kirkover, adjacent to the Springdale Race Course. —Priscilla Buckley and Kitty Lowndes.

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Friday, February 17, 1950

Hunting Tour

Continued from Page 6

To begin with, the big cry in Leicestershire, as in all the other hunting countries of England, is the amount of plow. The present Government has paid a subsidy to farmers to put their land under plow and many have succumbed to this bonanza. Fortunately this subsidy was discontinued at the beginning of the present year. However, there is still far more grass in Leicestershire than anything else, and while it may not be as good as in pre-war days it is still very good hunting country. With regard to horses, my feeling was that the best hunter in the world is none too good for the country. Some of the cut and laid fences or blackthorn hedges are really terrific and almost all have a ditch on one side or the other. Two important things are required of a hunter; to be able to jump big and wide and to gallop on and on at a point-to-point pace. Of the two, the first is by far the most important. If your mount isn't fast, others will go by you on the flat as though you are standing still, but the chances are at least in your favor that eventually you will catch up. On the other hand if your horse can't get over the big ones then either you are stopped altogether or you are sure to come a cropper. There are gates in the corners of most of the fields but when hounds are really running, it is impractical to consider using these. Another certain thing in that country is that there are no second flight riders. Some may be on horses that can't carry the pace, but everyone is going to push his horse along as fast as he can, and all will jockey for position to get away in front at the start of a run.

The Quorn is by far the most perfectly dressed field anywhere. It is customary these days for ladies astride to wear velvet caps, and as the farmers also wear caps and neat black coats, I noted no more than three or four bowler hats in fields of seventy-five to one hundred. Those not in caps were correctly wearing the hunting topper. The Belvoir and Cottesmore were not quite so perfectly dressed, but only when measured by Quorn standards. Anywhere else they would look pretty good.

Second horses are no longer a regular thing except for the hunt staff, the Master and possibly one or two others. They are not ridden by second horsemen, but come by horse box, and are brought out of the box saddled and ready to go.

There are too many foxes and the huntsman is quite put to it to keep his pack on the hunted fox. The fields, however, are well disciplined and do not shout when a fox is viewed unless they know hounds are at fault or have lost or that it is the hunted fox.

There is a certain amount of wire in these countries, and the worst of it is that it is on one side or the other of the hedge and one often doesn't know it is there until he is on the way over. Surprisingly enough I didn't see anyone come down on account of this, but I feel I may correctly assume that an occasional bad fall does result because of it.

Hirelings, some of them pretty good if one insists on having nothing else, can be obtained for £5 per hunt and the cap is £3 and half a crown. All subscribers also pay half a crown daily. The secretary usually takes care of this little chore by getting ahead of the field as it rides from the meet to the covert side and then dismounts and stands in the middle of the road holding his cap in front of him. For those who wish to have their horses taken on to meets, horse boxes are plentiful and reasonable, and one may usually ride out and back in the box with his horse.

I cannot speak too highly of the sport being shown by these packs. Rarely is a covert drawn blank and in every case the huntsman is quick to get his whole pack to the line as soon as Charlie is viewed away. Only that intangible element called "scent" can hasten or slow a hunt, but when there is good scent hounds run like blazes and often kill in twenty to thirty minutes. When there isn't, hounds worry the line with wonderful keenness and drive. Seldom does one see a discouraged

hound at the huntsman's heels waiting for the rest of the pack to start something. Close observation of these hounds clearly shows the great care that has been taken in their breeding, drafting and training. It was my personal opinion that the Belvoir have a slight edge on the other two, but they are all so good it is very difficult to judge.

It would be impossible to compare this hunting with the sport in Ireland. It is entirely different, but the thrill of the pace over the Leicestershire grass is something that one never forgets. The smaller hunts offer compensations in their intimacy and the banks offer novelty and variety, but for the horseman who loves a real gallop there is nothing to compare with the Shire hunts.

My summary would not be complete without telling about a Christmas Eve hunt with the Surrey Union. Of the seventy-five people in the field, at least forty were children under fifteen and some, on lead reins, were perhaps no more than six. Many were having their first hunt and there was an air of excitement at the meet that permeated even to the more sophisticated huntsman. The country, unfortunately, is heavily wired and largely in plow.

A good fox was found in short order but the difficult conditions required the field to ride in all directions except the way hounds were running. I got thoroughly separated from hounds, along with about half of the field, and I understand the other half had the same trouble. When the fox was killed, very few were there. However, most of the field eventually turned up, coming from all directions. One young chap of ten, the son of my host, did not get to the kill. It was his first hunt and he was very chagrined that the blood smeared on his face that day was not the blood of the fox, but from his own nose when he and his pony had a disagreement in the course of the run.

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My final hunt, in the latter part of January, was with the South Hertsfordshire Beagles. It was a bitterly cold day and the foxhounds had cancelled their meet. By arrangement with the M. F. H., therefore, the beagles were taken to the best grass sheep-downs of the foxhound country. There were eleven couple of fifteen inch beagles, hunted by the Master, Mr. A. F. Goddard Jackson. He was assisted by one whip in uniform and several other regular members of his field who carried whips.

The first hare made a straight point of about a mile and a quarter and hounds carried the line well, even over a bit of plow that was en-

countered. She was lost, or rather, given up, when she slipped through the bars of a high iron palling fence around some towers of a wireless station. Later scent became worse and the hunt was finally abandoned in favor of tea at the King's head in the town of Ivanhoe. This pack, which was almost completely depleted during the war, is being built up by a capable Master who has a small but enthusiastic field to support him. I must further record that the hospitality shown me by the Master and his field was gracious and sincere and rivaled only by what I found in Ireland. I shall certainly look forward to further hunts with these keen footsloggers.

Classifieds

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Inter-Collegiate Polo

Yale Team of Searle, Baldwin and Mahoney Wins Doubleheader; U. of Mexico Is the Team To Beat

Bill Goodrich

Baseball had its iron-man in Joe McGinnity. Football had its iron-men in Fordham University's "Seven Blocks of Granite".

Now polo has come up with a durable lot in the Yale University team, coached by the iron-man Al Parsells, who is ably assisted by the energetic Jack Crawford. Yale's iron-man feat six hours and a 100 miles (approximate) apart February 4, established it as a definite threat in the National Inter-Collegiate championship this season.

The Eli squad—Dan Searle, No. 1, Greg Baldwin, No. 2, and Dan Mahoney, back, and team captain, runner-up to the U. of Miami one year ago, played a doubleheader, won both handily, and it was said that it wasn't breathing heavily at the end of the day's work. Yale topped Harvard by 14 to 8 at New Haven, in the afternoon; hurried to the Squadron A Armory in New York to win a 9 to 3 verdict over the Troopers in the first match of a double header.

Besides Harvard, the Eli team lists Williams, Cornell, and Princeton among its victims. There are other victories scored over "pick-up" squads in exhibition matches that are not recorded. All that is known is that Yale has given a good account of itself and humbly awaits the time when it will get in its licks against Miami and the U. of Mexico, the one, two contenders for the collegiate crown.

Having never seen the U. of Mexico in action we cannot classify it. Miami with the same trio back—Chuck Bernard, Paul Heise, and Speed Evans—appears to be a repeater. Parsells and Crawford will not attempt to forecast Yale's future but, they will say that Mexico has the best chance of winning the tournament.

"It's one of the best teams I have ever seen," said Parsells, speaking of Mexico, after Yale's second triumph of the day at Squadron A. "If I were picking the team that Yale had to beat it would be Mexico," Parsells added.

Cornell is put in the dark horse class. Ably coached by Steve Roberts, the Big Red Team is always at its very best in the championship. Like Yale, Cornell will be well mounted and well drilled. Princeton, Harvard, Williams, and Georgetown are improving but not quite enough to stir up any hoopla for them in the approaching tourney. Zenas Colt is devoting all his energies toward making Williams and Harvard strong. Dick Parsells, brother of Al, and Paul Miller, ex-Tiger, and James Moore, will whip up enough dander in the causes of Princeton and Georgetown.

Yale won the championship last in 1942. Before that the Blue prevailed seven times in 1923, '24, '25, '26, '31, '32, and '38. Cornell brought home the bacon in 1937. Princeton triumphed in 1940 and '41 and before that in 1922, '30 and '34. Miami, coached by Stew Iglehart, Mike Phipps, and George Oliver, has won the title in the past two years. David Wilhelm, J. John Daniels, and Bob Johnson, rode as the winning Yale team in '42.

Of the present Yale team, Baldwin and Mahoney are veterans. Searle has replaced the graduated Bill Hanley, one of the top prospects in college polo in the past World War II era. Parsells and Crawford seem to favor Russ Moore and Pal-

mer Johnson as the top reserves. Mahoney is the most improved. He has more poise and is steadier under fire than a year ago. Baldwin seems to be improving at No. 2, a considerable difference than playing No. 1.

Baldwin and Mahoney were tops on the attack in the double triumph over Harvard and the Squadron A Troopers. Baldwin scored 4 times against the Crimson and once against the Troopers. Mahoney divided 10 goals. Three of his 5 scores at Squadron A were penalty shots—2 from the 15-yard line and the other from 25 yards out. Searle made 3 difficult goals, the first of which gave Yale a 1 to 0 lead at the New York Armory, an advantage it never gave up.

Lou Dooley, George Haas, ex-Blue star, and Bob Ackerman were the Yale victims. Ackerman made all 3 goals.

Yale's double trouble duty overshadowed the Commonwealth Polo Club's (Mass.) 13 to 10 victory over a high-goal Squadron A Team in the second match. Herb Pennell, Zenas Colt and Bill Rand, a 13-goal unit exploded with 6 goals in the fourth period in one of the wildest surges we have ever seen. So busy-like was the Commonwealth efforts that Squadron A was ahead by 10 to 7 entering the final 7 1-2 minutes of play and nary got a good crack at the inflated ball in the fourth period.

Phil Brady and Tom Long opposed Commonwealth with Parsells. Pennell scored thrice, Parsells 5, and Long twice. Squadron A's only bad period was the fourth and what a nightmare it was. The dam burst with more viciousness than was expected by the Brady-Parsells-Long side.

What's New "A"?—The second Damon Runyon Cancer Memorial fund match is scheduled for February 22. The New York A. C. "All-Stars" Walter and Bill Nicholls, and John Pflug meet the Squadron A "All-Stars" Paul Miller, Parsells and Rand. The match is scheduled for six periods and the price for all seats is \$1.50. New York beat Miami in the first benefit match last year by 19 to 16. Another Chicago trio—Tom Healey or Bill Mayer, and Peter Perkins and Jack Ivory, will try for victory one at Squadron A this year, on February 25. Miller, Bill and Walter Nicholls invade Chicago on February 18....

The Squadron A Association may operate polo this summer at Blind Brook. Negotiations are now underway between the "A" officials and Fred Colin and Oliver, holders of the Blind Brook lease. The unbeaten New York A. C. team of Pennell, Colt and Pflug is a logical choice to win the National Senior Crown. A 13-goal unit, it is as well mounted as any indoor team in the country. No team can afford to give up goals to such a side very well. Eleven hundred persons saw the February "doubleheader".

The Squadron "C" Scene—The Rumson and Brooklyn Polo Clubs dumped the Texas Longhorns and Ithaca on February 11. Rumson—Dave Ellis, Dick Metcalf, and Archie

Crowd At Game Proves Indoor Polo Has "Arrived"

Bill Goodrich

Indoor polo in New York has arrived. Now if anyone knows of an armory, or spot, than can hold 5,000 or more customers let him speak up. The fans in Metropolitan New York are ready for such an undertaking.

The February 4 doubleheader was played before 1,900 fans—a record for 24 years of play at the Squadron A armory. Fans hung from everywhere and occupants were four deep. Some 500 to 1,000 sad folks were turned away and many were glad to get standing room in the balcony.

Miami—Del Carroll, George Oliver and Juan Rodriguez—dropped a 13 to 9 decision to the New York "Stars", after the undefeated New York Athletic Club team won its 5th straight victory of the year by 12-9 over the Squadron A Blues. Paul Miller, Bill Nicholls and Al Parsells represented New York, which has yet to lose a game in 4 to out of town teams this season.

Herb Pennell, Zenas Colt and John Pflug ride as the New York A. C. trio. Phil Brady, Bill Rand and Bob Ackerman rode against the Winged Foot side.

Arthur Borden, former polo star, was a press box visitor, and never according to the big fellow, has he seen such a gathering of polo fans.

"This tops anything I've ever seen," said Borden. "It was a good thing that people remembered me around the armory otherwise I would have been one of those on the outside wanting to get in."

Borden's remarks were added to by Earle W. Hopping, Sr.

Said Hopping, seated on the press box steps.

"I've never seen anything like it. The crowd was the best I've ever witnessed. The people were the best."

Alan Corey, Jr., and his wife were in the gathering. "Wish we could whip up such enthusiasm in the outdoor game. This turnout is a tribute to the Squadron A Associations' polo committee and to the players."

Both matches were tops. The opening match—New York A. C. vs. Squadron A—was tied 8 times before the decision was locked up. Miami had New York on the run in the first half and the outcome was just a matter of breaks. New York got 'em when they counted most.

Individually the twelve players gave outstanding accounts of themselves. No single player stood out above the other. Both victories were team victories.

Lyman T. Whitehead, Jr., refereed the first game. Tom Boylan handled the assignment in the second.

Young—defeated the Longhorns—Charlie Whitney, Ray Harrington, and Tex Butler—by 9 to 6. Brooklyn, on the strength of 12 goals by Dr. C. C. (Buddy) Combs, outpointed Ithaca, 15-14, in a sudden death overtime match. Combs sunk the winning goal with a difficult backhand shot from 25 yards out. Bud Heatley scored 2 goals and Charley Leonard 1 as teammates of Heatley. Billy Zimmerman, Steve Roberts, and Henry Lewis, III, tallied 8, 3, and 2 times.

Ellis scored 1, Metcalf 2 and Young 6. Whitney made 1 goal, Harrington 3 and Butler 2. Selden Heatley, Brooklyn Polo Club head, thinks his teams will win the George C. Sherman and the 12-goal Eastern elimination titles.

Cleveland Riding & Driving Club Starts Schooling Series

Kathryn Hubbell

Cleveland's weatherman is no horseman. At least that is the case if we are to judge by the kind of weather he pulls out of the bag the minute the schooling shows begin at The Cleveland Riding and Driving Club, Shaker Heights, Ohio. This year the opening date was Jan. 29. There may be June weather up to the very day of the first show, and then with a malicious grimace, the weatherman sends forth torrents of rain, icy roads, snow, hail, zero temperature—anything at all that he thinks will discourage the exhibitors and keep the spectators at home. But the weatherman hasn't yet learned that Cleveland's horse lovers are not to be discouraged by anything so trivial as bad weather. They simply defy all disagreeable elements of the weather, and each show finds more entries and bigger crowds.

Keep your eye on Miss Susie Creech! Blue ribbon-winner in the hunter hack with Burridge, 13-year-old Susie changed mounts and came in 2nd in the working hunter on The Mole. In the 3'-6" open jump, Susie rode Gorgeous Hussey to 2nd; while in the 4'-0" open jump, she rode The Mole to 4th place ribbon. Susie's ribbon-winning mounts all belong to H. L. Reynolds.

Dynamite, Jack Cagno up, gave a fine performance in the open jump 4'-0" division. A toss-up to determine 2nd place was won by Chester Burnett on Cherokee. Chester, incidentally, was a blue-ribbon winner in the 3'-6" division with Teddy R.

Through the carefully detailed explanations of Announcer Robert Key, those along the side-lines receive a share of the "schooling" which originally benefited only the horses and exhibitors.

SUMMARIES

Horsemanship—1. Susan Taplin; 2. Nancy Schueger; 3. Jean McAbee; 4. Judith Anderson.

Hunter hack—1. Burridge, H. L. Reynolds; 2. Norwood, Rosemary Loden; 3. Grey Arrack, Gloria Steudel; 4. Checkers, Laura Lita Lindley.

Pleasure horses, Div. A—Privately owned—1. Checkers, L. L. Lindley; 2. Grey Arrack, Gloria Steudel; 3. Mr. Wings, Karleen Robrock; 4. Iola, Betty Smayda. Div. B—School owned—1. Prince; 2. Bill; 3. Oscar; 4. Charlie-magne.

Working hunters—1. Grey Arrack, Gloria Steudel; 2. The Mole, H. L. Reynolds; 3. Royal Feast, Capt. George Prujan; 4. Copper, Debbie Williams.

Open jump, Div. A, 3'-6"—1. Teddy R, Chester Burnett; 2. Gorgeous Hussey, H. L. Reynolds; 3. Potato Chips, Gay Pollock; 4. Check-erberry, Mrs. G. M. Baxter. Div. B, 4'-0"—1. Dynamite, Jack Cagno; 2. Cherokee, Chester Burnett; 3. Samson, Capt. George Prujan; 4. The Mole, H. L. Reynolds.

Judges: Mr. and Mrs. Jack McDonald.

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Doubleheader At Miami's Orange Bowl

Fast Action As Miami Hurricanes Run String of Victories To 20 Straight With Adventurers Leading All Stars

Tom Shehan

The opening doubleheader of the Orange Bowl polo season on Friday Feb. 3, in which the University of Miami Hurricanes ran their string of victories to 20 straight by defeating Williams College 19 to 1 and the Miami Adventurers defeated an

made quite a colorful picture sitting on a chestnut pony.

Preece, by the way, was the guest of Sportscaster Marshall Parsons on Miami's Station WQAM the night before the game. Laurence Romfh,

who assisted the officials chasing down loose balls, is a brother of Jules Romfh, the former Princeton captain who is playing with the Adventurers. Laurence is partial to Arabians and has purchased another Arabian stallion.

Gerald Dempsey, Jr. son of the former Point Judith and Long Island star, is doing the announcing at the Orange Bowl and Delray and doing a good job of it, too. Dempsey replaces Danny Wallace, Jr., who did so well in that spot for three years. Gerald Senior officiates at the Delray games.

Lyle Phillips, the former Andover Academy polo coach who is now training race horses, gave a party for the Williams College team at his home in nearby Hialeah prior to their appearance in the Orange Bowl. Lyle's son, Bill, is a sub on the Hurricanes team, but he saw two periods of action against Williams and acquitted himself very creditably.

Del Carroll, who was out of action with a fractured collar bone, is playing again, but when he gets tired his muscles tighten up. Notwithstanding that handicap, Del scored 5 goals against the Adventurers and played his usual fast riding, hard checking game. Del, who was recently licensed to train race horses, was the guest of Steward Jack Campbell in the Steward's Stand the other day.

Mike Phipps has played on five international teams and has never been on a losing side. Judging by the way Mike has been playing every

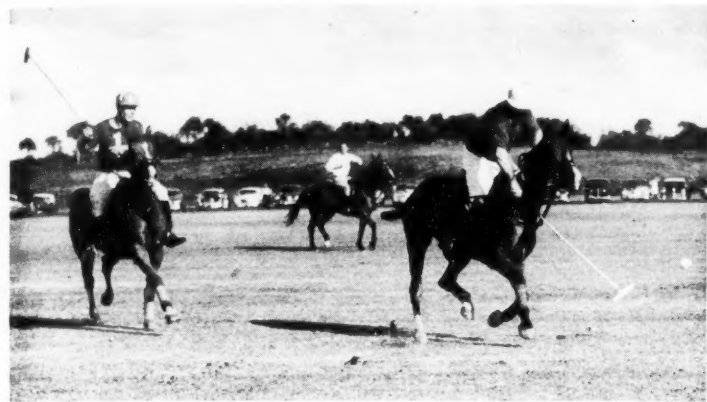
time I have seen him during the past year I don't think that the polo association should have dropped his rating. For instance, he led the Adventurers in scoring, racking up 6 goals. However, that's only one man's opinion.

Jack Lawrence, a former polo player who is now training a stable of race horses, was a visitor to the Orange Bowl games and chatted with Oliver, Phipps, et als. Jack has Sugarbush, a juvenile which has finished 3rd and 4th in 2 starts at Hialeah. Sugarbush is by Teddy Weed, (now standing at stud at Great Barrington, Mass.), out of Little Roubaix, a polo mare.

Mention of polo mares, recalls that Fuss Cat, which is racing on the grass at Hialeah, is out of a polo mare, Fuss Budget, the latter also being the dam of Mother, a stakes winning mare in Whitney colors.

Orange Bowl polo draws a good representation of the press in town covering the racing at Hialeah—Joe Palmer of The Herald Tribune and Jim Roach of The Times have been regular attendants at the games for the past two years. And Palmer devoted one of his Monday columns in his paper to George Oliver, Stew Iglehart and the galloping game recently.

Cecil Smith, the Texas star, was hurt in practice game at Delray and had to remain out of action, Sunday, Feb. 5 at Delray. Smith hurt his wrist. Pedro Silvero, who used to work for Mike Phipps, is now in charge of the Uihlein string in Milwaukee.



Charles Bernard of Hurricanes and Cecil Smith of Palm Beach Team. Mr. Bernard hurt his wrist in a game at the Orange Bowl on February 3rd.

(Bert Morgan Photo)

All Star combination 12 to 9, was a rough and ready program. A crowd of 4,320, a good opening night attendance, saw Chuck Bernard of the Hurricanes retire with a gash on his wrist in the last period; Don Pugh of Williams collapse from heat exhaustion, and Stanley Taylor have his ear lobe split when hit by the ball.

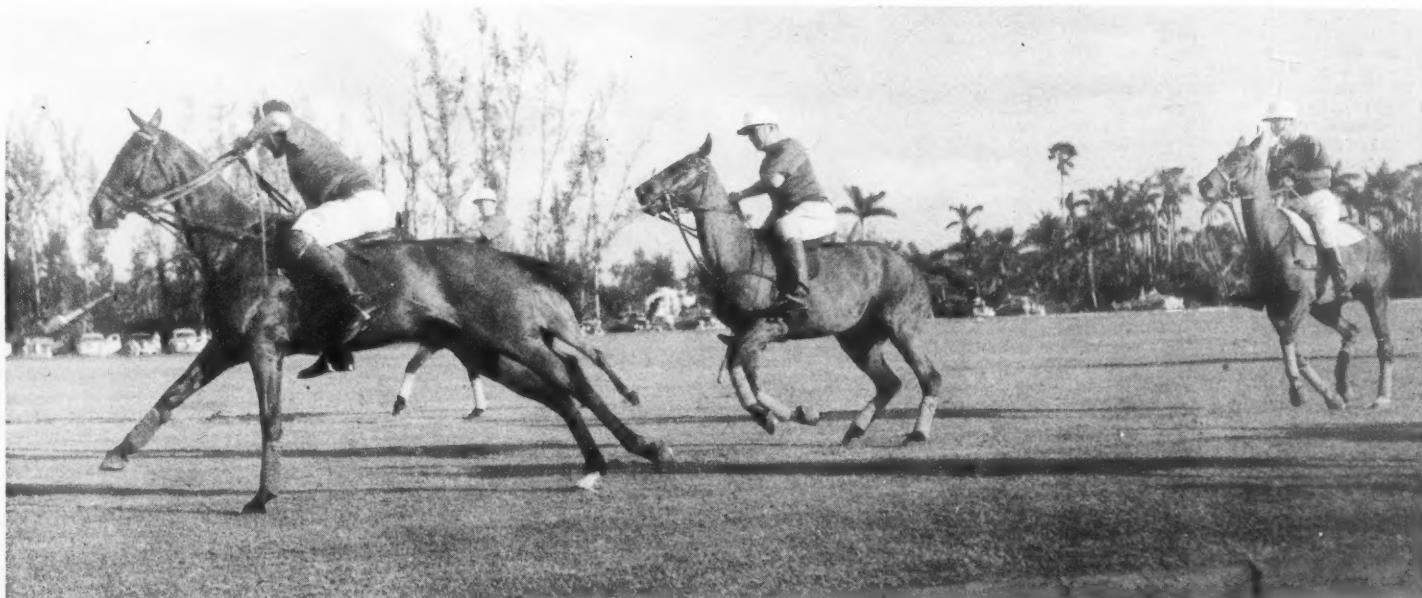
George Oliver, who played a steady game for the Adventurers while sending home 4 of his team's 12 goals, had what must have been the busiest week-end of his career. Friday night he played with the Adventurers, Saturday night he flew to New York to play in a Miami lineup there, Sunday he was back in action at Delray, and on Monday he was scheduled to fly to Cuba to arrange for a series of games in the Pearl of the Antilles.

George, who took a team to Montego Bay, Jamaica, to play last year, is trying to revive interest in the game in Cuba. All of which reminded Godfrey S. Preece that he and his brothers used to go over to that island to play many years ago. Incidentally, Godfrey, who officiated the game between the Adventurers and the All Stars, turned out in a yellow sport jacket and yellow breeches and



Michael Phipps on the ball playing for Gulf Stream with Cecil Smith playing for Palm Beach. Mr. Smith hurt his wrist at Delray and had to remain out of action on February 5th.

(Bert Morgan Photo)



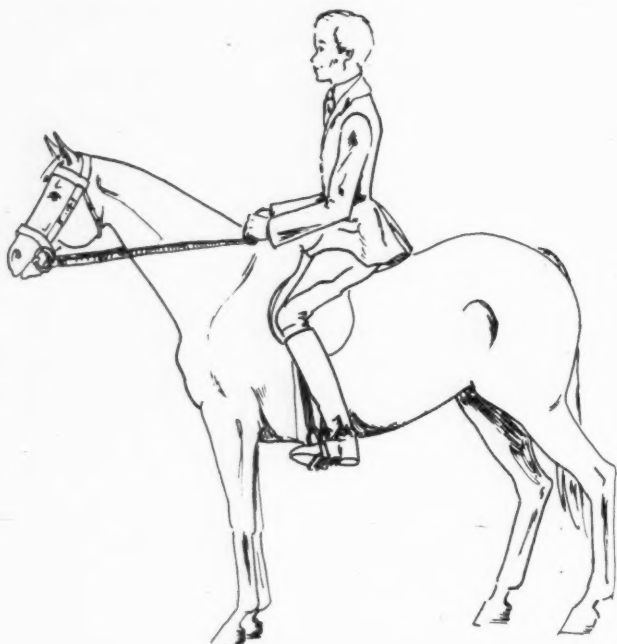
Stephen Sanford and George Oliver playing in Florida. Mr. Oliver has just arranged for a series of matches with Cuba.

(Bert Morgan Photo)

Position On Horseback

In All Riding Technique Position Must Be A Safe Position To Give The Greatest Amount of Balance and Support

Gordon Wright



This is a good position at a standstill. The rider's body is distributed as follows:

Part of the Body	Definition	Position
1. Upper Body	All parts of the body from the hips up.	Eyes up, shoulders back; hands over and in front of horse's withers; knuckles thirty degrees inside the vertical; hands, three inches apart and making a straight line from horse's mouth to rider's elbow.
2. Base	All parts of the body in contact with horse or saddle.	In the center of the saddle; inside of thighs to and including inner bones of knees and legs.
3. Leg	All parts of the leg from the knee down.	Toes out, fifteen to forty-five degrees according to rider's conformation; ankles flexed in, heels down, calf of leg in contact with horse and slightly behind girth.
4. Equilibrium	Balance of upper body over the base of support at the different gaits.	At the walk, vertical; slow trot vertical; posting trot, inclined forward; canter, half way between the posting trot and the walk; galloping and jumping, same inclination as the posting trot.

(Editor's Note: The Chronicle is very fortunate to have the following article from Gordon Wright, one of the country's foremost authorities on horsemanship. Mr. Wright will publish a book on this subject this spring which should be welcome news to everyone interested in the finer principles of horsemanship, as well as those wishing to learn to ride, hunt and show. This is the first of a series of four articles which The Chronicle will publish by Mr. Wright.)

We have all heard a great deal about Position on a horse, and we have all heard—or learned—about a number of different positions. The position which I am about to explain to you—and which you see illustrated on this page—is my idea of a good position because I have found it to be a safe position for all phases of riding—hacking, hunting and showing.

There are several reasons why this is so:

First, it is a position which utilizes all of a rider's natural assets—or, more technically, aids—such as the calves of the legs, inside of the thighs to and including the inner knees, and hands, by placing them in positions where they serve to increase the rider's security in the saddle while at the same time acting as a means of communication between horse and rider.

Secondly, it is a seat that balances the rider's body in the center of the saddle, affording him a maximum of contact with horse and saddle with a minimum of interference with the movements of the horse.

And last but certainly not least, is the fact that from the very first lesson, the rider has begun to assume what will be a correct jumping position. Therefore, all the work, even at the beginner's level, is actually preparing the rider for the advanced work ahead of him. For this reason, the pupil who is made to control his natural impatience in the early stages of learning this new position, will be amazed at the sudden, rapid strides he finds himself making later on when this position has become automatic. Because the faster gaits, the higher jumps, require only very slight changes in the balance of the rider's body above his base of support. And being in position is the secret—and the only secret—of a smooth performance over any height fence.

The technique of instruction which I use with my pupils at the Secor Farms Riding Club in White Plains, New York, is carefully described and outlined in my book, "Learning To Ride, Hunt and Show," but for the purpose of this article just a brief summary of the time and methods used to develop this position will suffice.

I never hurry the early work. By making haste slowly in the early stages, the rider will find that he has developed reactions which are automatic, and safety rules which do not desert him under the pressure of the show ring or hunt field.

Also, I have learned that timid riders, like cowards, are made, not born. We all know that the very young rider who has never experienced a spill or a bad experience, approaches his riding without fear.

It is only bad experiences on a horse that produce fear, and the fearful rider—the one who hangs back as he approaches a fence and interferes with the movements of his horse; the one who freezes on his reins at a critical moment, or the one who closes his legs on his horse in a deathlike squeeze at precisely the instant he should be relaxing—is the rider who has the most frequent, and the most dangerous, spills.

Not until this position on a horse has become automatic do I make any attempt to go on to the more advanced work. By the time a pupil is ready to ride a course, of jumps, he should not have to think at all about his position. All the alert rider should have on his mind at that time is keeping his pace and keeping his eyes up. The minute I see a pupil has to think about putting his hands up or think about getting his leg into proper position, I go back again to the slower gaits, the lower jumps until that part of his body is once more functioning automatically in response to the signals given by the brain.

And these signals are not given by the brain because the rider has had to make a mental pause and think about what to do next. They are given because the rider has been schooled to keep his eyes up.

Remember, when the eyes are down, nothing is functioning. The driver who kept his eyes on the steering wheel would soon find himself and his car in a ditch. And the rider who looks down at his horse, who looks at the fence he is jumping instead of the next fence on the course, soon finds his horse quitting and running out as well as finding himself badly and even dangerously out of position.

To summarize, then:

I consider this position secure because it places in direct contact with horse and saddle all those parts of the rider's body which are needed to maintain his balance in the saddle and to permit the correct use of leg and rein pressure without sacrificing that security.

To teach this position, I recommend the pupil's taking the first five minutes of the first fifteen hours of riding to adjust his position in the saddle and hold it at a standstill, then at the walk, the slow trot, and the posting trot. Just five minutes a day spent taking and holding this position will produce amazing results, and at the end of his first fifteen hours of riding which have been preceded by this simple exercise, the rider will find himself assuming this position in the saddle automatically.

In learning to take this position on a horse—Don't Look At Yourself Adjusting Your Position. In forming your seat on the horse, try to do as much of it as possible from a picture which has formed in your mind by studying this illustration. Like everything else connected with this position, learning to take it properly at a standstill prepares the rider for later work. In learning to adjust your position without looking first, and then look later on to check on your reactions, you will be laying the groundwork for those automatic reactions that are absolutely necessary under the pressure of higher jumps, faster gaits, and the emergencies of show ring and hunt field.

Adjust your position a step at a time.

For instance, in learning the correct position of the leg, study the illustration of the correct leg position on this page. Then, with your eyes straight ahead, say to yourself, "Toes out at an angle of fifteen to forty-five degrees." Your own leg

conformation will pretty much tell you what is the correct degree for you. Then, when you think you have it, ask your instructor or someone who is willing to work with you to check your position. If you're working alone, a riding hall mirror is almost invaluable. If no mirror is available, adjust your position in accordance with your mental picture of the correct leg position, and then look.

Next, try, "Ankles flexed in." Again, check in your mind on your mental picture of the ideal ankle flexion as illustrated here, and which calls for the ball of the foot in the stirrup, heels down, the calf of your leg slightly behind the girth and in contact with your horse. Once the heels have come down permanently and automatically, it is not necessary to ride with the ball of the foot in the stirrup but this is the best way to learn to keep your heels down. In learning to keep your heels down, try to remember that the ball of the foot rest on the stirrup with pressure in the heels, not on the stirrup. This is a common fault in the ankles in and keep the heels down, early stages of learning to flex and it's one to watch out for.

This same procedure should be followed for each of the four parts of the body which form your position on the horse, and which are: Upper body, base, leg, and equilibrium, or balance of the upper body above the base.

The importance of not looking at yourself as the different parts of the body are brought into proper position cannot be over-stated. Learn from the very beginning to keep your eyes up, to form a picture in your mind and let the brain coordinate the different parts of the body until the reactions become smooth and automatic. The rider who "looks" for his lost stirrup will probably have lost his balance and his seat on the horse before he finds it. But the rider who has been taught to keep his eyes up also keeps his body in balance on the horse while his brain directs his leg to "feel" for the missing stirrup.

To learn this all-important habit of feeling rather than looking, I recommend having the pupil focus his eyes on some point straight ahead of him and on a level with his eyes so that he can catch himself if he glances down. Learning to "ride a line" over a series of very low fences is another good exercise for learning to keep the eyes up and the body properly balanced in the saddle.

It should take approximately five minutes to go through the four principle elements of this position and check your position standing still. If you go through this simple exercise every time you ride, you will soon form this mental habit of checking on your position and be able to feel when it's right. You will begin to feel, too, a new sense of security as you learn to use your natural aids—about which more will be said in a forthcoming article—as a definite means of communication to and control over your horse.

Don't try to learn this new position all at once. The temporary loss of security, which always accompanies changing old riding habits for new ones; the slight strain on new muscles being used for the first time, and any slight uncertainty of the rider can all be eliminated simply by practicing this new position five minutes a day at a standstill, a walk, a slow trot and a posting trot.

Repetition is what actually teaches you—doing the same thing again, and again, and again. It's the safe, simple way to a secure seat and safe jumping.

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In the Country



MR. AND MRS. JOHN STRAWBRIDGE

A wedding of more than usual interest recently in Philadelphia was that of the well known Philadelphia horseman John Strawbridge to Mrs. Isaac Starr of Laverock, Penn. Mr. Strawbridge is a keen follower of the Whitmarsh Valley Hounds and has owned some great timber horses, one of the best known of which is Bungtown. Mr. and Mrs. Strawbridge went to Florida on a wedding trip but will be back in time for the hunt meeting season. Other jumpers of Mr. Strawbridge's are Sutton Hoo and Erin Russell.

CASE OF IDENTITY

A Detroit tailor, Portnoy, was recently gazing intently at Carl Klein's picture of the Master's dinner. Suddenly he looked up. He had recognized his coat. "Ah, there it is, my coat."

Looking down at the caption which listed all of the Masters names seated at the dinner, he shook his head with considerable dissatisfaction. "You have made a mistake," you should have there after the Master's name and the name of his hunt, "Coat by Portnoy."

This is a new wrinkle to hunting terminology which unfortunately will not have the sanction of the Masters of Foxhounds Association. Hounds and Hunting, but not the tailors, must of necessity remain sine qua non for The Chronicle.

EVELYN THOMPSON UP AGAIN

Miss Evelyn Thompson, M. F. H., popular young master of the Chestnut Ridge Hunt, New Geneva, Pa., is back in the hunting field after a brief tenure of hospitalization. Her injuries were due not to a horse but to an automobile accident which occurred between her home and the hunt club.

RETURN TICKET WANTED

The J. T. Skinners returned to Middleburg, Va., on February 14th after attending the N. A. S. R. C. Convention at Mexico City. Trainer Skinner was representing the American Trainers' Association. Watch out if brush courses are built at the Hipodromo de las Americas. Trainer Skinner says that he really liked the country and people are not always rushing around in a terrific hurry. "Nobody down there ever dies of heart trouble," says he. While attending the races he saw Miss Lovable, a mare by Action—Could Be, which used to be in his stable. She is now carrying the colors of Mrs. Everett, the former "Debby" Rood. Before completing their trip, the Skinners took in the racing scene at New Orleans, then flew to Dallas, Texas where they were the guests of Henry Frost, former well known amateur timber rider.

HEADING FOR THE NATIONAL

Among those heading for the Grand National this year at Aintree will be the Richard K. Mellons and the William Hunnemanns. Also Percy Drury who has a horse going. Entries closed on January 3rd with 86 horses listed. Paul Mellon's Blakeley Grove is listed among the starters. He is in at 10 stone 11 lbs. Top of the weights are the Marquis de Portago's Garde Toi and Lord Bicester's Roimond, both in at 12 stone 1 lb. The Benjamin Eshlemans and their daughter Lorine are going to the National and Mr. and Mrs. Albert Garthwaite all of Philadelphia who will leave with Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Scott on the Raymond Whitcomb Trip.

HUNTING HUNTER

Dudley Fort has been keeping the hunting hunter—brush horse—timber horse, Tidal Wave, busy this season. Last year the then 9-year-old brown gelding by Haphazard started at four of the hunt meetings, running his best race over timber in the John B. Stokley Memorial at the Indianapolis meeting. In this about 2 miles over timber he finished 3rd. After this season with Shakerag Hounds in Atlanta, Ga., Tidal Wave may be prepped for the May meeting at Nashville, Tenn.

VILLAGE GOSSIP

Lawrence E. Jones, former M. F. H. of Rose Tree, will be represented in the timber ranks this year by Village Gossip. Mr. Jones, whose Clifton's Duke was one of the Maryland Hunt Cup starters last year, bought Village Gossip from Janon Fisher and Mr. Fisher will train the 7-year-old bay gelding by Busy Wire—Starry.

ROMBOUT'S NEW JOINT

Rombout Hunt, of which Homer Gray has been Master since 1929, has recently elected Malcolm R. Grahame as Joint-Master. Mr. Grahame fills a vacancy caused by the resignation of Richard F. Meyer. Rombout hunts a big country around Poughkeepsie, New York with 23 couple of American and 4 couple of cross-bred hounds. The Joint-Masters hunt hounds.

ENGLAND GIVES A LEAD

England, despite the threat last year to its hunting from the anti-hunting group, seems to have recovered and is now enjoying a great year of foxhunting. Charles Hickox of Long Island saw the following clipping from the Observer and kindly sent it on to us: "The increasing popularity of hunting," writes John Lindfield, Observer correspondent, "has also encouraged the breeding of saddle horses and though as yet the supply does not meet the demand, it is growing steadily. It is really remarkable to see the numbers out nowadays, especially in the less fashionable countries."

"The pony clubs are doing wonderful work ensuring a steady flow of foxhunters to sustain the sport in the future. And many nowadays who cannot afford to hunt and those grand sportsmen who come out afoot regularly to see the fun, are every bit as much foxhunters as are those who come out mounted."

It appears as though England, de-

spite the socialist clamor, is developing the soundest possible background for its sport; developing its interest from the farmers on the land and from the young and enthusiastic younger generations. The more America can follow this example, the healthier will be our own sport in years to come.

BELMONT MAINTAINS THE PACE

With President George Widener's announcement that Belmont will not reduce its \$75,000 stakes offered for its famous Belmont Classic for 3-year-olds nor the \$50,000 offered for the Coaching Club Oaks Classic for 3-year-old fillies, eastern racing swings into its preparation for the coming spring program. It is not known whether other tracks will follow New York's example and maintain the big classic stakes another year but as Belmont goes, so will go many others. It is welcome news for horsemen. Along with this announcement comes the Westchester Racing Association's review of the year, being an indexed and illustrated history of the important races offered at Belmont in 1949. It is a workmanlike and informative job with an attractive colored aerial photograph of New York's major racing plant.

POSTMAN'S HOLIDAY

Violet Hopkins is the hardest working riding instructor we know in the Middlewest. She is like the proverbial postman who takes a walk on his holiday. With two weeks vacation, which she takes every year at Christmas time and when most everyone is laying down his tools for the festivities of the holiday season, Miss Hopkins went to Chicago to take some advanced work in dressage from a noted instructor. Not just a few days of it either, but a concentrated course—six days a week for two weeks! She's back now with her classes in Birmingham, Mich. where over 100 juniors are taking their equine lessons seriously every week. Every year Miss Hopkins puts on a junior horse show just for students. There is a pretty good crowd when the entire one hundred turn out in one afternoon. There's no trouble about entries either as each pupil gets just one opportunity that day to show his talents. The point of the story is that in sincere appreciation, "the kids bring the teacher an apple"—last year Vi walked out of the ring after the show with her arms laden with attractively wrapped gifts.—R. M. D.

ARDENT PROOF READER

Someone went to sleep at the switch and let the copy get slightly mixed up on C. T. Chenery's *Hunters Moon IV ad. Carrying *Hunters Moon IV's male lines back to Chouberski, the latter was mentioned as the sire of *Sauge, dam of Cormac and Peterski, winners of the Maryland Hunt Cup during the past 2

succeeding years. Frederick M. Warburg, whose home near Middleburg, Va. serves as a silent proof reader's office for The Chronicle, could be silent no longer so he called the "official" office to register his protest. Proof Reader Warburg had done a good job in signaling the correction. As is well known (but overlooked in the copy department of The Chronicle), Peterski did win the Maryland Hunt Cup in 1948 but in 1949 Cormac was cut badly within two fences of the finish and had to be pulled up after winning his 1st three starts over timber.

MR. CHAIT'S SHOW STABLE

George Braun, formerly with Arthur Nardin, is now manager for the stable of Burton D. Chait of Putnam Valley, N. Y. In addition to Tana's Bill, the Chait string includes Splendor, which was champion of the Dublin show in 1949. Col. P. T. Chinn of Lexington acted as Mr. Chait's agent in purchasing the gelding from Galway Greer early in December.

STALLION CORRECTIONS

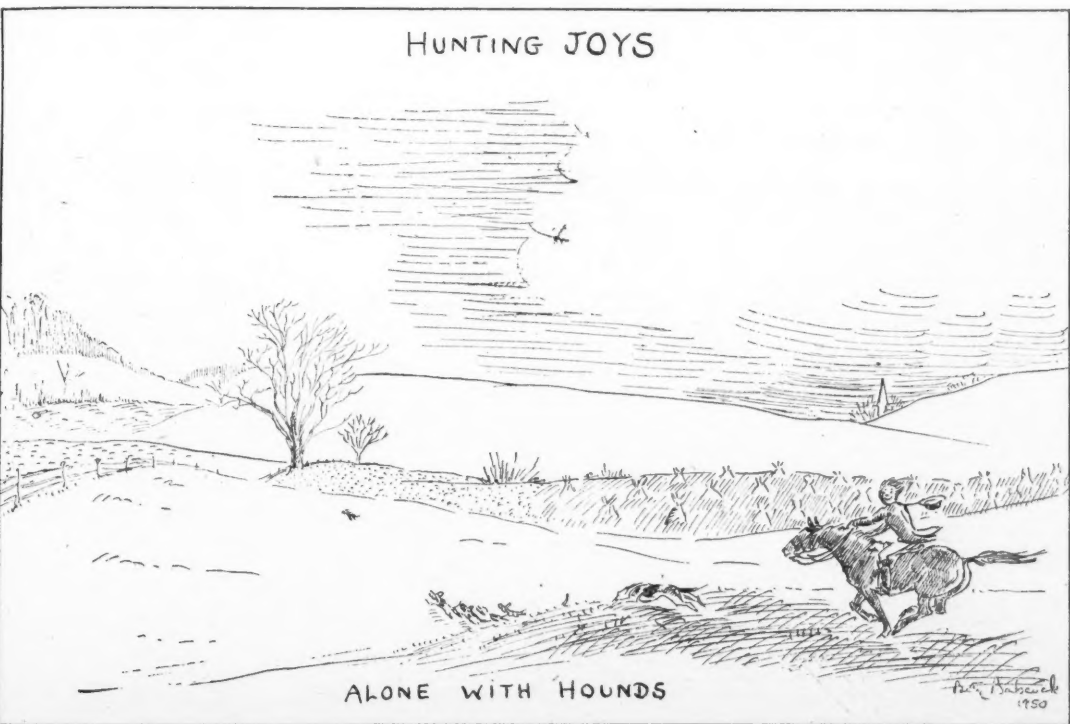
We regret that the stallion Casa Royal, gr. 1939 by Royal Ford—Casa Manana, by *Quatre Bras II, was inadvertently omitted from our 1950 National Stallion Roster. He stands at the Portland Riding Academy, Garden Home, Oregon and is owned by a syndicate headed by Dr. George C. Saunders of Portland, Oregon. His fee is \$50 return, plus \$5.00 to the stud groom.

Another stallion error occurred in the advertisement Robert D. Gorham ran for his stallion Chilly Beau, the big son of Chillowee out of Beau's Gal standing at Rocky Mount, N. C. Mr. Gorham is handling mares at \$1.25 per day rather than \$1.00 per day as advertised in the January 13th Chronicle.

Mrs. Allen Elden of Nashua, N. H. had her stallion Eselkay listed at \$100 to registered mares. The listing should have read less to grade mares but unfortunately it went to press as free to grade mares. Those wishing to breed Half-bred mares to Eselkay must pay a moderate fee.

Chronicle Quiz Answers

1. The entire protective covering of armor was known as the bard.
2. A string of mules with the halter rope of each animal tied to the tail of the mule in front in order to keep the string in single file.
3. No. *Star Shoot is the classic example of a great broodmare sire whose sons were virtually failures at the stud.
4. Latchford was the great English spur maker, so that spurs were often referred to as Latchfords.
5. Shod with smooth shoes, i. e. without caulks.
6. A Palomino horse.



Stallions At Brookmeade

STANDING FOR 1950

GRAND ADMIRAL

GRAND ADMIRAL'S
first crop will race
in 1950.

Fee: \$750

Live Foal

To stakes winners or dams
of stakes winners only.

BOOK FULL



GRAND ADMIRAL.....
Chestnut 1944

War Admiral.....	Man o'War Brush Up
Grand Flame.....	Grand Time Flambola

GRAND ADMIRAL was one of the top 2-year-olds of 1946. He won the East View Stakes carrying 115 lbs., beating I Will (119), Phalanx (115) and eight others. He again defeated Phalanx in the Saratoga Special (all at 122 lbs.) and Loyal Legion, Gestapo and others.

In the Grand Union Hotel Stakes, Grand Admiral (126) was

third after he was bumped by the winner Blue Border (110), with I Will (126) second and lighter weights following. His last start was the Hopeful Stakes. With 126 pounds he finished second to Blue Border (122), despite the fact that he broke a sesamoid bone in the race and never started again. Grand Admiral started six times, won three races, was second, third and fourth one time each and earned \$51,720.

STAR BEACON

Bay 1939

*BLENHEIM II—FAIR STAR, by *WRACK

Sire of NINE 2-YEAR-OLD WINNERS OF 1949 including GUMPTIOUS, PATTY'S BEACON, FIXED STAR, WINDOW LAMP, STAR KNIGHTESS, STAR CONQUEST, TESTADURA, ASTRODOME, and MISS COMEDY.

Fee: \$250—Live Foal

BY JIMMINY

Brown 1941

*PHARAMOND II—BUGINARUG, by BLUE LARKSPUR

Sire of FIVE 2-YEAR-OLD WINNERS in 1949 OUT OF 5 STARTERS from his first crop to race, namely: THE PEER, DADA, BRILLIANCE, (THE) PURVEYOR and JIMMINY CRICKET.

Fee: \$1200—Live Foal

INQUIRIES TO:

BROOKMEADE FARMS

Upperville

Box 68

Virginia

V
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